JOHN BULL, DECEMBER 15, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 918. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Montserrat Tobacco "Blend" Cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Something to Shout about

by A. G. GARDINER

"A thing is worth what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it."
RUSKIN

INFLUENZA strikes down the unfit

Most of us lead less healthy lives during winter than in summer time. Less fresh air and exercise weaken our powers of resistance to disease. It is when the system is run down, the digestion faulty and the blood weakened with impurities—when your "inner health" is below par—that influenza and kindred winter ailments gain a foothold.
There is one tried and proved way of keeping the "inner man" healthy: First thing every morning drink a glass of water (warm or cold) sparkling with a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt."
ENO removes the causes of internal disorders which unfit you to fight colds and influenza. Gently and surely, it frees the system from accumulated poisons and waste products, purifying the blood, thus enabling you to offer stubborn resistance to the attacks of disease. Get the Handy Size bottle of ENO's "Fruit Salt"—it costs only 1s. 9d.

THE HANDY SIZE
1/9
The Household size at 3s. 6d. is more suitable for use where there's a family

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

The daily dash of ENO is a premium paid for Health

J. C. ENO LTD. LONDON, S.E.

GRAVES

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

are better value than ever. Handsome powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive price and on the easiest Terms of Payment ever made

WE DELIVER Graves Gramophone, (either Hornless or Horn Model, as desired) securely packed and carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are satisfied with the machine after trial in your home, the balance is payable in monthly payments of 5/- Money refunded in full if you are disappointed.

GRAVES HORNLESS GRAMOPHONE has beautifully polished Cabinet of selected oak (size 16½ x 11 x 7½ins) Powerful Motor with worm drive, silent & even running. Speed Regulator, Taper Tone Arm & finest quality Sound Box. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. £3 : 10 : 0

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE (Horn Model) has Cabinet, size 12½ x 12½ x 6½ins beautifully polished and tastefully decorated. Powerful, skilfully built silent motor, Taper Tone Arm, Speed Controller, decorated Sound Horn, and finest quality Sound Box. Price £3 : 5 : 0

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of our newest Models of Horn and Hornless Gramophones offered at the Keenest Prices & on Easy Terms Post Free

Last few days!

JOHN BULL'S

50,000

GOLDEN XMAS GIFTS

are fast disappearing

Only a limited number of these dazzling Golden Xmas Gifts remain for presentation to readers. Send in your application at once or you will be too late.

See page 20.

Well Covered!

Would YOU welcome a generous cheque for £400 after the flames had gutted your home and destroyed your most cherished possessions? "John Bull" cheques have raised a barrier in over ten thousand homes against suffering and privation consequent upon Fire, Flood, Storm, Tempest, Sickness and Accident. If you have not yet signed the forms, do so now and gain that peace of mind which a well protected home brings. ***Space permits us to publish but a few of the names of those who benefit this week.***

FIRE
Up to £400.

GT. GRIMSBY.—B. B. WEBSTER, 126, Nelson Street.
WEST KIRBY, CHESHIRE.—Miss G. RILEY, 34, South Road.
CLEATOR MOOR, CUMB.—J. FARRELL, 33, Birks Road.
WALSALL, STAFFS.—G. R. PYE, 19, Hospital Street.
FORTH, LANARKSHIRE, — Mrs. A. STEPHEN, Senr., West End.
CAMBUSNETHAN, NR. WISHAW.—Mrs. G. Cox, 249, Hermon Place.
BISHOPBRIGGS, GLASGOW.—D. CLARK, 248, Maris Valley.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. H. TAYLOR, 15, Cooper Road.
FLOWTON, Nr. IPSWICH.—H. BINES, The Rectory.
NOTTINGHAM.—W. J. WORTHINGTON, N. Collingham, Nr. Newark.
LONG SUTTON.—J. ATKINSON, The Bungalow, Gedney Road.
CAMBERWELL, S.E. 16.—Mrs. HEASMAN, 407, Rotherhithe New Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Miss F. MITCHELL, 16, Spring Grove Street.
GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. YATES, 3, Gooche Square, Row 28, North Quay.
UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX.—Mrs. SCARSBROOK, 41, Cowley Hill Road.
BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. H. M. SCOTT, 32, Twelfth Avenue.
MAESTEG, GLAM.—M. O'NEIL, 4, Meadow Street.
LIVERPOOL.—J. BALLARD, 24, Carnarvon Street.
WANGFORD, LOWESTOFT. — Miss E. FISK, High Street.
WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.—D. BORHAM, Bridge House, Grundisburgh.
GRIMSBY.—R. DAVIES, 144, Rutland Street.

STORM
Up to £300.

PETHAM, NR. CANTERBURY.—Mrs. F. MILLS, Kenfield Park.
PILL, NR. BRISTOL.—W. HALE, 12 Marine Parade.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. C. BELL, 6, Kilblain Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. S. DANCYGER, 3, Kenealy Street, Camp Road.

Sickness Benefits
£5 5

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. E. GUARD, 9, Annie Street.
ABERDARE.—Mrs. GERTRUDE CHILCOTT, 13, Dumfries Street.
NR. PONTEFFORD, SALOP.—Mrs. E. SOCKETT, 11, Pleasley.
WILLESDEN.—Mrs. A. HUNT, 2, Garnet Road, Church End.
BATTERSEA, S.W. 11.—Mrs. R. F. COWLES, 59, Henley Street.
CATFORD, S.E. 6.—Miss C. A. SCOTT, 44, Faversham Road.
RHONDDA, GLAM.—S. O. J. REES, 17, River Street, Ystrad.
STEPNEY.—Mrs. K. SPECK, 215, Jubilee Street.
BALDOCK, HERTS.—A. SELL, Station Road.
SOUTHSEA.—B. TRICOS, 13, Cooper Street.
BEELEY, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. N. WILSON, 1, Boyton Street.
CAERAU, NR. BRIDGEND.—Mrs. K. TREHEARNE, 33, School Road.
AIRTH, BY LARBERT, STIRLINGSHIRE. —Mrs. M. RUSSELL, Airth Mill.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—E. SMITH, 175, Newton Road, Parr.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. PIPER, 35, Firgrove Road, Sholing.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week.

ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. S. E. SCHOFIELD, 49, Belmont Street, Rodmer.
CHURCH, NR. ACCRINGTON.—Mrs. S. A. DUCKWORTH, 37, Church Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. S. MITCHIE, 3, Summerhall Square.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. E. CRAIG, 12, James Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. I. THORBURN, 176, Albert Street, Tollcross Head.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. O. DUNK, 127, Harold Street.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. MORRIS, 89, Mansellton Road, Mansellton.
PRESTONPANS.—F. REID, 38, Crown Square.
LINCOLN.—ALONZO GREEN, 23, Chapel Lane.
BURSLEM.—Mrs. M. J. HAMMONDS, 46, Church Street.
BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.—Mrs. M. E. KERSON, 7, Rack Willom Street.
NEWTON LE WILLOWS, LANCS.—Mrs. S. PEDDLESBY, 73, Mercer Street.
STOCKPORT.—Mrs. M. J. SUDDABY, 1, Willis Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. ASH, 2, Oak Street, Scotswood Road.
OLD TRAFFORD.—Mrs. E. J. WALLEY, 145, Cornbrook Street.
BELFAST.—Mrs. H. HEDLEY, 43, Fraser Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. J. MAWSTON, 2 Lancaster Street.
MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Mrs. E. A. FLANAGAN, 52, Row Street.
ELLESMERE PORT, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. M. A. MEAKIN, 10, Beechfield Road.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. H. A. SMITH, 17, Ellis Street, Brinsworth.
WIGHTON, S.O. NORFOLK.—Mrs. L. H. S. TUCK, Post Office.
CROOKES.—Mrs. M. FOSTER, 103, Mulehouse Road.
LEIGH, LANCS.—Mrs. E. A. PRESCOTT, 19, Poplar Street.

Burst Hot Water Pipes.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. B. McGRATH, 33, Rosevale Street, Partick.
EARBY, YORKS.—Mrs. A. BOLTON, 39, Waddington Street.

154 Benefits paid this week—Total now 10,780

CUT HERE

J.B. 15.12.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Address.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date ....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 15.12.23

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date ....

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 15s.) to fit on ordinary dining table. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

Riley's Imperial, Full Size Billiard Table.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., DUKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms (Dept. 2) 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. 1.

Clears Choked Pipes

'Terry' Drain Pipe Cleaner saves plumber's bills. Goes round any bend or angle. Quickly unstops a cloged bath or lavatory outlet. Made from high grade spring steel, enamelled. Used occasionally in home, business-house, hotel, public institution it helps to maintain sweetness and health. Pays its cost first time used.

No. 570: 3 ft. 2/-; 4½ ft. 2/6; 6 ft. 3/- each.

Don't Damage your Hands

'Terry's Patent Can Opener cuts tin like scissors cut cloth. So safe a child can use it. Simple and speedy; will cut top of tin clean off if desired. Gives years of wear. No home should be without one.

Price 1/- each.

From Ironmongers, Cycle Agents.

TERRY'S

In case of difficulty order from us.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Hanfrs., Redditch, Eng. Est. 1855.

NESTLÉ'S

CAFÉ AU LAIT

is absolutely the last word in Coffee.

Pure full-cream dairy milk, refined crystal sugar and best coffee mixed in correct proportions needing only hot water to produce most delicious Café au Lait as served in the best hotels on the continent.

Pre-war quality at reduced prices.

Half-tins (8 cups) 8½d. Large tins (16 cups) 1 3

At all best class Grocers and Stores.

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FREE FROM PRESERVATIVES.

HIGH VALUE -LOW PRICE

The Famous SARTOR

20/-

CARRIAGE PAID in the BRITISH ISLES.

Raincoat

Sartor

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL.

High Value, Low Price is what the SARTOR *RAIN*COAT (Famous throughout the world) stands for.

Each model is perfectly tailored by experts from fully proofed Gabardine with warm cosy check lining. SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Just your name and address on a post-card and we will send a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form.

SEND NO MONEY. First of all examine the Patterns carefully and judge the value offered. Our Guarantee still holds good. We guarantee every SARTOR. If you are not satisfied we refund the money.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO., (Dept. J) 51, Sartor [illegible]

Playing for Safety.

PLAYING for safety is always wise where health is concerned. When father comes home, mother hints at a quick wash with Lifebuoy before the romp, then there will be no danger from the germ-laden dust and grime of the crowded city. Mother isn't fussy. She's very sensible. She knows that cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap is the best possible step anyone could take towards health.

Every tiny skin pore is cleansed from dirt and safeguarded from disease when Lifebuoy Soap is used. Children respond to its healthy appeal.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 257—31

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEN ORDERING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention John Bull.

Send for this TONIC WINE NOW! Don't envy health! Send to-day for your bottle of "Danzovin," the nerve-strengthening, flesh-forming, blood-making Tonic Wine, known established over 100 years.

DANZOVIN TONIC WINE

is indispensable to the weak and ailing, for building up after illness and wherever perfect health is sought. Send 4/6 (under cover of money back guarantee) for large bottle to-day from

4/6 POST FREE JOSEPH HUDSON & SON IMPERIAL STREET, LEEDS

A £2:2:0 Press for 6/6

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. If with nickel-plated fittings 9/3 post free. 1½d. extra for registration.

Compact; lightweight; made in one piece. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY DRESS WELL

Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cash refunded upon return in good condition. Send for list of other lines.

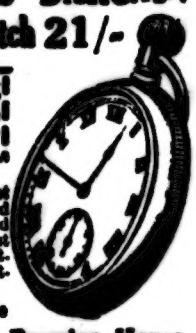
The "COOPER-Kit"

Unlike any other press. Two thumb levers and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge creases. Send for this extraordinary bargain. The Cooper Collapsible Box Co., Ltd. (Dept. JB), Cannon Works, Bath.

THIS WEEK'S BARGAIN

A Guaranteed Watch 21/-

Recommended by Representative of "JOHN BULL," and sold under the "JOHN BULL" Guarantee.



No. 2 Gent's Keyless Pocket Watch genuine gold-filled case. Best white enamelled dial. Clear figures. Finest 10 lever Lever movement. Shop price £2 10s. at least. Price 21s. post free.

Illustrated Catalogue free

G. B. ANDREWS, Premier House, 15 D Southampton Row, W.C.1.

PEARLS

Which are sure to give pleasure to the recipient and express the good taste of the sender. A necklet of

AMAZON PEARLS

18 in. long, with strong gold clasp, in beautiful velvet lined case, costs only **15/-**

AMAZON PEARLS have an exquisite lustre and defy detection. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send P.O. NOW to

HEATON'S (Dept. 1), 9, St. Martin's Place, SCARBOROUGH.

2/6 -EACH- SILVER BABY'S BROOCH

Cash with Order

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED IN RELIEF

When BABY is dressed, Pin on a BABY BROOCH. Mother smiles— Then BABY smiles & Everything is lovely!

HARRY BANKS, EMPIRE HOUSE, 139 St. CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Wholesale List.

GOOD LUCK COMES TO YOU

from the moment you possess the Ju-Ju Mascot—the wonderful luck-bringer. Look in something real which can't be explained. Thousands have turned Fortune's frown to a winning smile with Ju-Ju's magic, and delightfully write like this:

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. Everything I have touched prospered. G.C., Glasgow.

Don't scoff: Have faith in the Ju-Ju and everything you touch will prosper. Make Ju-Ju your magnet and misfortune will pass you by—good luck will attend you all the time.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } post
9ct. Gold ... 21 } free

"A Ju-Ju worn to-day; your luck's in straightaway!"

JU-JU SOCIETY,

8, Imperial Bldgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

PIFCO 4 100 Candle Power Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Gaseous Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Burns 60z of Paraffin.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp **30/-**

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue

PIFCO, Ltd.,

94, High St., MANCHESTER

Stocked in 37 different styles.

A WINTER MODEL for 7/6

Balance by easy monthly instalments

Luxurious coat trimmed Beaver or Mole Coney collar, fashionably ruffed, fastened at back and sides of love waist, giving panel effect. Sleeves are finished with pin tucks and cuff inlaid with huge contrasting button. Obtain-able in all wool velour, several shades, outstanding value at 29/11.

Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to stock size.

LEACH & HARDY

Eve n Street, MANCHESTER.

AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

Printing Machine

Complete 45/- Post.

THIS massively constructed Printing Machine is the most wonderful of its kind, being sold at a tenth the price of any other of the same size with similar advantages. It is capable of turning out every class of printed matter

FROM A CHEMIST'S LABEL TO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

including Perforating, Creasing and Box-making. The finest malleable iron and mild steel used in its construction. Smooth running, speedy, accurate and simple. You cannot afford to be without such a valuable asset. Type, case, complete accessories and instructions are included in the above price. Full illustrated particulars in two colours, samples of work, sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. THE "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. J.B. 1), 54, KING STREET, TWICKENHAM, MIDDLESEX.

Great Bargains in Toys.

"Kiddie Tryke" **22/6** Carr. Free.

All Steel Bright red finish. Pedal drive. Adjustable leather saddle, very strong. Suitable for children up to 8 years. Guaranteed for twelve months.

All Steel Scooters

Guaranteed for 12 months.

No. 1 (25in. wheels) .. 12/6
No. 2 (28in. wheels .. 15/6
No. 3, full size, 12in. wheels, beautifully finished, 22/6.

(All Carriage Free)

Do not leave too late. Order now for Xmas.

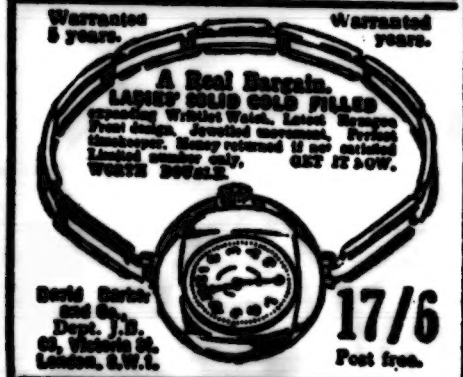
NOVEL TOYS (Dept. G.), 99, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.3.

(Cheques and P.O.s crossed "& Co.")

Warranted 5 years. Warranted years.

A Real Bargain.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD FILLED



Expanding Wristlet Watch. Latest Hexagon Front design. Jewelled movement. Perfect timekeeper. Money returned if not satisfied. Limited number only. GET IT NOW. WORTH DOUBLE.

David Barkin and Co., Dept. J.B., 69, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

17/6 Post free.

FURS

at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C.

Showrooms: First Floor.

Billiards at Home for 30/-

Have this jolly little Billiard Table for Xmas! Made by disabled Service men in Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops. Polished oak cushion rails, brass pocket plates, solid rubber cushions, adjustable screw legs for levelling. Size 36 by 18 ins. Complete with 3 balls, 2 cues, rules and marking board. 30/- carriage paid. Money back and return at our expense if not approved on receipt. Send 30/- to-day! (Ask also for Xmas Gift List.)

BENTONE, 16b, Highbury Place, London, N.5.

THE NEW

HOMOCHORD RECORDS

THE HIGH QUALITY RECORD AT A POPULAR PRICE.

2/6 Always First with the Big Hits, Songs, Fox Trots, &c.

THE RECORD YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY AND RECOMMEND!

Ask your dealer for them or write to

(Dept J.B.) THE BRITISH HOMOCHORD CO., LTD., 19, City Road, London, E.C.

£5 for 19 Words

THE First Prize of £5 in our seventh advertisement Competition is awarded to John Roberts, the Gasworks, Eastbourne, for:

"*Shredded Wheat* advertisement scores by judiciously flattering the housewife's judgment, and offering cheaply an article of proved dietary value."

The Second Prize of £1 goes to E. McLeod, 13, Royal Road, Ramsgate, for:

"Watts, Son & Co.'s advertisement successfully draws attention. Prices are most reasonable. A ten years' guarantee commands respect, and should appeal to gift buyers."

Competitors should give Mr. Roberts' effort close attention. It is excellent in its shrewd commentary, clever analysis, and neatness of phrasing.

Competitors should also bear in mind that the fact that they have proved an advertisement to return good value for money does not necessarily prove that advertisement to be the best. It would be necessary to try all the advertisers before such a statement could be made. A mere announcement that "I have tried X's goods and found them genuine" is not likely to win a prize.

It's up to you to beat Mr. Robert's effort. Send postcards only to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, to arrive not later than first post, December 19, and tell us in twenty-four words or less your idea of the best advertisement in JOHN BULL.

In the Christmas number of *Pan* will be found another advertisement competition in which attractive prizes are offered.

Rustic Slowness

EVERYTHING in the garden would be lovely if Alfred Preece, of 319, Caerleon Road, Newport, Mon., who calls himself a "Rustic Work Manufacturer," carried out his undertakings. Unfortunately he does not.

About five months ago a reader sent him 5s. 6d. for some woodwork. After waiting more than a reasonable time for the execution of his order he wrote asking the reason for the delay. Preece replied that he was unable to supply the goods on account of scarcity, but that he would return the money.

There seems to have been just as much difficulty over the return of the money as there was over the delivery of the goods, and after making repeated applications to Preece, the disgruntled customer asked us to take a hand in the matter.

We wrote to this slow rustic manufacturer suggesting that a settlement was long overdue, and received in reply a picture postcard showing an "artistic rustic arch" and a "pretty garden seat," with the printed legend: "We are in a position to give prompt dispatch of all orders." On the card was scrawled "Complaint shall have immediate attention."

That was several weeks ago, but our reader has as yet received no satisfaction from Arthur Preece.

If the advertisement had appeared in JOHN BULL we should have settled the claim in accordance with the terms of our Guarantee.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for shopkeepers and beginners.—We sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profits certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wilson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £5/- Capital and your living guaranteed.—Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market-Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Lovi's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

DRAPERY Remnants. Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press, (Series Dept. CO), 139 Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Cheleway Press, 9, Buxted, Sussex.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (16 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 2d. postage. —Mead & Son, Room 66, Sandy, Beds.

5,000 **ENVELOPES**, 30/-; 5,000 sheets BUFF NOTEPAPER, 6½ x 8½, 12/6; 6 white ruled PADS, 10 x 8, 4/-, c. pd.—W. J. GIBBS, Bromley, Kent.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus. —S. B. M. C., Dept. 25b, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt., to. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Ilmsley Road, Leeds.

CYCLISTS!—Write "Catalogue," Please," on a postcard for "The Cyclist's Bargain Book." Amazing reductions in prices of Captain" Cycles, Tyres, thousands of accessories and Home wants. Fitzpatrick every time for GREATEST POSSIBLE VALUE. — H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 82, Burnley.

GUNS.—Gradual payments. Best value in English guns with 12 months' guarantee. From £6 5s. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

XMAS CARDS HALF PRICE.—2/6 worth assrtd. booklets, 1/3, postage. Trade list free. C. Hughes & Co., 202, Dudley Rd., Birmingham.

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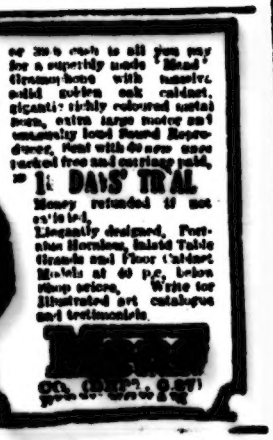

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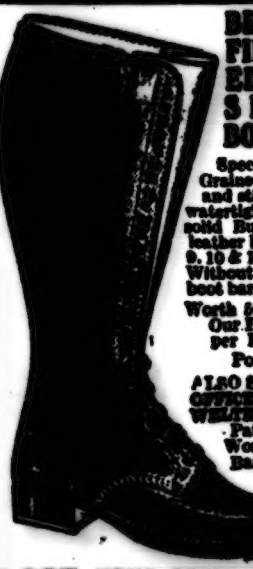

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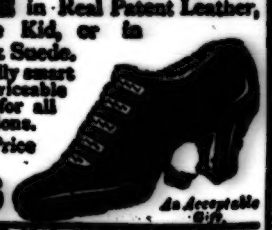

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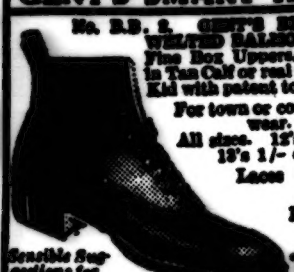

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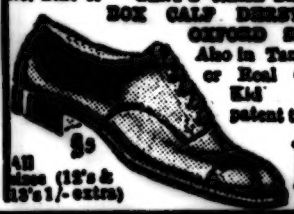

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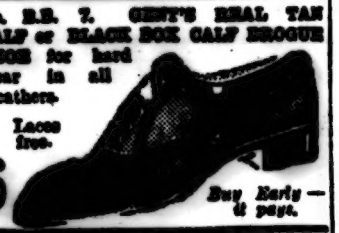

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Vol. XXXIV. No. 918.
Week ending Saturday,
Dec. 16, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

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The Boomerang.
The country has stated with no uncertain voice that Protection is dead and damned. No responsible Minister will dare to raise this issue again for a generation.

Moscow Routed.
The defeat of Mr. Newbold and Mr. Saklatvala proves that the country has no sympathy with Communism. Lawlessness is a plant that cannot flourish in the soil of true democracy.

A Mental Awakening.
One thing the Election clearly reveals is that the people have at last begun to think for themselves. Neither the ravings of the Press Trust nor the wiles of politicians have been able to blind them to reasoned argument.

Facing the Problem.
With the resulting balance of Parties no responsible Leader will care to assume office in the knowledge that the first attempt at real legislation will see him defeated. The only chance of a stable Government is a Coalition.

A Prediction.
Bets are already being taken as to the date of the next election. It must inevitably come soon, and when it does Proportional Representation must be the electoral system employed.

A Fallacy Exposed.
The vicious principle of subsidising one section of the community at the expense of another has received a fatal blow. Not even the bribe of £1 per acre could win the agricultural districts over to Protection.

Another Omission.
Nobody bothered to remember the Rent Act in the welter of Election promises. Nevertheless, unless further decontrol is stopped until sufficient new houses are available the already serious distress is going to reach appalling dimensions.

The Age of Cynicism.
Future historians will point to the last few years as being unique for the callous way responsible Ministers disregarded solemn pledges. Little wonder the people regard politics as merely a party game!

Biding His Time.
Because M. Poincaré has temporarily enclosed the iron hand in a velvet glove, the crisis is by no means over. Next April he faces his own electors—and he dare not go empty-handed.

All Eyes on Britain.
Unless there is to be a conflagration in Europe that will involve everyone, Britain must resume full liberty of action and summon an international conference before the French policy achieves irreparable ruin.

Ruin the Only Alternative.
Such a conference might, if in earnest, even now bring order out of impending chaos, and by a just revision of the unworkable Peace Treaty check the blind destruction of French militarism.

Why We Insist.
We continue to demand the restoration of British prestige on the Continent, because we are unwilling to see this nation dragged at the heels of French Imperialism, unwilling to be the creditor of half the world, and still more unwilling to continue an entangling alliance that is heading straight for another world war.

The Wrong Spirit.
An Italo-Spanish Entente has been formed. The first fruits are orders to Italian naval yards for cruisers, destroyers and submarines. It is passing strange that political "friendships" inevitably mean the shadow of war.

A Misguided Nation.
The Greeks are imploring M. Venizelos to come and save them. We should have thought that, after their experiences, their one wish would be to be saved from M. Venizelos.

Counsels of Despair.
With the adherence of America to the gospel of larger and ever larger armies, the disillusionment of a war-weary world is complete. What hope for humanity while such insanity is regarded as political wisdom?

A Cabinet Responsibility.
Recognition of the Russian Government would result in the immediate placing of orders here to the extent of 40 or 50 million pounds. Nothing but the prejudice of our political mandarins prevents this opportunity to provide work being grasped.

A Confession of Failure.
Neither Arabs nor Zionists have a place on the new Palestine "Advisory Council." The sooner it advises a complete clearing out of this misguided adventure the better.

The Surest Remedy.
In Switzerland consumers are striking against high prices in the only practical way—by not buying. A little of that medicine here, and the profiteers would soon sing another tune.

More Notions.
Why the League of Nations Council should be meeting in Paris after the expense of establishing Geneva as its home, is a mystery. Whitehall is not the only home of waste.

A Case for Argument.
The dockers have a strong case in demanding an end to the system of calculating wages on the fictitious "cost of living" figures. But we trust that this time their good sense will persuade them to leave the futile strike weapon severely alone.

Squint-eyed "Charity."
A misguided committee of cranks is cadging for funds to provide German children with food and clothing. Are there no British kiddies who will go hungry and ill-clad this Christmas?

Clumsy Legislation.
That such an organisation can actually be registered in this country under the War Charities Act argues something sadly wrong with the Act. Parliament must close up its multitude of loopholes.

Bloodstained Coal.
The terrible disaster at the Nunnery Colliery again brings the question of mine management into relief. Less profits and more safety measures should be the order of Parliament.

One to Us.
The police claim that the end of the Cocaine Trust and its menace is in sight. They have omitted to mention that it was John Bull who initiated the campaign, and started them on the right trail.

We Don't Think.
British Christmas-tree growers have asked the dockers to refuse to unload trees from Germany, as they will be sold cheaper than their own. But we can't somehow see the children being penalised to put big profits into privileged pockets.

A Ramp Coming?
True to form, poulterers are already predicting a shortage of Christmas turkeys, in an obvious attempt to pave the way for high prices. There is no shortage whatever. High prices will be barefaced robbery.

On With the Ramp!
Milk is up 1d. a quart; sugar has risen ½d. per pound, and will be further increased in January. A "seasonal increase" in bacon and meat is anticipated before Christmas. We will call it by its right name—seasonal robbery.

Our White Elephant.
The Ministry of Health is at pains to define—in a four-page circular—just when a servant is a servant. If such tomfoolery was not so expensive it might be amusing.

The Muddle Ministry.
Floods of contradictory orders from the Ministry of Agriculture seem all that is forthcoming as a remedy for the cattle disease that is sweeping the country. Why doesn't someone do something practical?

A Plague on Them.
It is time the Post Office was relieved from the necessity of delivering moneylenders' circulars. A Bill to this effect will be presented to Parliament next session. It must become law.

A Lesson Unlearned.
To send wire from Amsterdam to Birmingham costs 16s. 8d. per ton. To send it from London to Birmingham costs 28s. 4d. per ton. And yet there are some people who wonder why trade is bad!

Pussyfoot's Defeat.
Despite raging propaganda, Scotland has refused to go "dry," and five areas, having learnt their lesson, have repealed their previous "dry" decision. Other cranks and faddists, please note!

Pompous Piffle.
Following the "British Fascisti" comes the "Order of Crusaders," with its passwords, secret signs and comic opera uniforms. We dislike all secret societies. They are un-British and in every way undesirable.

A Tip.

Any Yard plain-clothes man with a little spare time on his hands might distinguish himself by a casual visit to one or other of the London houses advertising Paris novelties for sale. The open manner in which the traffic is carried on is almost incredible.

A New "Yellow Peril."

Surely it is not a difficult matter for the police to put an end to the increasing smuggling of Chinese labourers into our ports? The Aliens Act is being openly evaded, and the immigrants are forced to live the virtual life of a slave. The Home Office had better wake up.

Out With It!

In several recent cases involving charges against the character of war widows, whose pensions were stopped, it has been suggested that nationally or locally the Pensions Authorities pay Peeping Toms for information furnished against the women. This is a case where the truth should be known.

Christmas Day in the——

The Board of Guardians of the Reading Infirmary have decided that all adult inmates may, if they desire, partake of a pint of beer on Christmas Day, and that an extra allowance of from 5s. downwards shall be awarded for Christmas week to those receiving outdoor relief. Now then, other Guardians! What about it?

Light in the Dark.

Sadie Isaac, a blind girl of Bethnal Green, has overcome her appalling handicap and obtained her Honours B.A. Degree (London) in English and History. With the help of her Braille books, Sadie has been able to study on equal terms with sighted girls, and her wonderful perseverance has been rewarded. What courage! What spirit!

Not A Dog's Chance.

"Please give me another chance!" was the tearful plea of Ivor Jones, a boy charged at Glamorgan Assizes with the theft of a bicycle, which he declared he stole to get money as there was illness in his home. "I am giving you another chance, and that is to send you to Borstal for three years," was the answer of the Commissioner of Assize. What sort of chance is that?

Advertising for Girls.

Girls of Deptford have a lewd brute in their midst of whom they should fight shy. This middle-aged pest, Harry William Langley, who resides at Warwick Street, first advertised for girls, and when Nellie Clark, of Charlton, made her application he made overtures so improper that he subsequently found himself in police hands. Instead of being bound over he should have been sent to prison.

"With This Ring ——"

Lovers' tiffs are not infrequently subjects for the police court, but novel features attended the breaking of troth between Gladys Westgate and Victor Diplock of Brighton. They prepared for squalls by mutually signing a document to the effect that in the event of the engagement being broken, the ring should be sold and the proceeds given to a hospital. But when Gladys discarded her lover she tried to stick to her ring, until Victor sought the aid of deputy Judge Preedy. His honour found for the hospital, and quite right too.

Hatzmann—the Exception.

Sergeant-Major Willie Hatzmann, an ex-German cavalryman, is a white man in spite of his race. During the war while he was senior N.C.O. at a prisoner-of-war camp behind the Boche lines, he allowed his starving captives to commandeer potatoes from neighbouring fields, and smuggle them back to camp at considerable risk to himself. On one occasion he got the other Prussian guards out of the way, and carried a suffering Tommy across a river to be treated by a humane German doctor. Hatzmann, who was down and out, has been brought to Toronto by Canadian soldiers, and given a job there through their endeavours.

Tee's a Jolly Good Fellow.

We are glad to see that our suggestion that polling jobs should be given to unemployed ex-soldiers bore fruit in some quarters, at any rate. Mr. R. H. R. Tee, the Hackney Returning Officer, employed only members of the British Legion who were out of work, and because the rates allowed by the Treasury were small, gave them extra pay out of his own fee. We want more Town Clerks like Tee.

No Workmen's 'Buses.

When the City and South London Railway was running anyone travelling before 7.30 a.m. could get a workman's ticket. Since the accident at the Elephant and Castle the Company carry passengers by a special service of omnibuses which are available for season ticket holders, but no workmen's tickets are issued. We suggest that the Minister of Transport should see that this injustice is rectified without delay.

Pubs in the Air.

Nurtured in a Thanet vicarage, Captain Anthony William Bloy is now hibernating in the second division following his exploitation of the old dodge of engaging clerks with a cash "security" of £100 and of acting as agent for the sale of public-houses and sticking to the money. The result is that a number of people have paid out and now have pubs in the air. The police are tardy in allowing these men to carry on before they are pulled up.

Sneezes and Diseases.

A truly staggering revelation of fresh dangers in milk distribution has come to light through the death of Ernest Gosling, a milk roundsman of Dalston. Dr. Bronte of the Home Office declares that the poor fellow, through coughing, sneezing, and expectorating, must have been a perfect disseminator of germs, and why he was engaged in his occupation right up to the time of his death, is to be made the subject of an inquiry. Quite right too!

The Spirit of Christmas.

Britain may be a land of shopkeepers, but that at least one of them has a big heart is shown by the kind act of Mr. A. C. Little, a furrier of Dundee. Moved by the barefooted misery of many of the poverty-stricken children, this generous townsman has asked the Lord Provost to distribute 300 pairs of boots among the most deserving mites of that city, undertaking to defray all costs himself. The festive season ought to see among our tradesmen more of this generosity.

Danish Lotteries.

People in this country are still being urged to try their luck in Danish Colonial Lotteries. We advise our readers to have nothing to do with them. The lotteries themselves may be genuine enough, but it is difficult to ascertain whether the agents who send out circulars run straight. A correspondent who, after losing a considerable sum, wrote to one of these firms asking for a list of English prize winners could obtain no reply. The silence is significant.

The Celluloid Peril.

The death of two-year-old Winifred Hutchins, of Lound, near Retford, should afford a warning to parents who contemplate purchasing celluloid toys for their children this Christmastide. Sometime after this wee mite had been left dressing her celluloid doll in front of the fire, her screams brought her mother on the scene to discover the child in flames, frantically hugging the blazing toy. How long are we to wait the legal ban on these inflammable articles?

Insult to Injury.

There must be a good deal of public indignation against the ruling powers at Manchester assizes, judging by the value set upon the life of a girl in the award of damages to the parents of Elsie Redhead. Overhead electric wires belonging to Rawtenstall Council collapsed and fell on Elsie, causing her death. Not unnaturally the distracted parents brought an action against the Council and were awarded—five pounds! We wonder what would have been Elsie's value had the Redheads happened to be rich.

The Fireswoman.

John Robert Gough must feel proud of his brave sister who risked her life to save him from a terrible death. A fire broke out in the kitchen of their house in Aberdeen Terrace, Scarborough, but the girl made her way upstairs to where her brother was lying seriously ill, and managed to carry him through the blazing kitchen to safety. And some people talk about the "weak" sex!

Wedding Bells!

"The smartest in the room," was what the Prince of Wales said of little four-year-old Freda Deerlove in the Children's Ward at the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, N. Freda has been in hospital for several months, "but when I am better," she says, "I am going to find the Prince and let him marry me." Well, that's one national problem solved, anyway!

The Long, Long Wait.

When Harold Hudson, a Bradford postman, was brought up at the Assizes for stealing a postal packet, it was disclosed that he had been in prison from July to November awaiting trial. A grave scandal, in view of the possibility of an accused man being entirely innocent. If we have not judges sufficient to get through business expeditiously, more should be appointed, or a Court established for dealing with such cases.

The Breadwinner.

When Fred Eastham, of Halliwell Road, came before the Bolton magistrates for hawking without a market licence, the Deputy Town Clerk very properly withdrew a summons which ought not to have been issued, in view of the fact that the poor chap was doing his level best to keep his parents from becoming a charge upon the ratepayers. But why did he ask for costs, the payment of which can only add to the hardships of a distressed family?

A Resourceful Young Man.

George Kitchen, of Epsom Downs, is a young man capable of rising to an occasion. Seeing a servant girl crying for help from an upper window of a burning house at Acton, George promptly climbed a water-pipe, clambered on the window-sill, pulled the girl from the smoke-filled room, and held her until a ladder was fetched. Such a feat requires pluck and a cool head, and George Kitchen should be a useful young man to have around in a crisis.

Why Not?

A married officer of the British Mercantile Marine asks us why the wives of men who spend most of their time at sea should not be granted special travelling facilities to enable them to spend a little time with their husbands when they reach a home port. In many instances the cost is prohibitive and so husband and wife often remain virtually separated for very long periods. Return journey for single fare would enable many a sailor to have his own wife in every port. Why not?

The Man on the Ladder.

Mr. Alfred Beauchamp, of Portslade Road, Clapham, is made of the right stuff. A woman was being roasted to death in a blazing room. Mr. Beauchamp put a ladder against the wall, climbed up, broke a window, entered the burning room, ripped off the woman's clothing and put her on the ladder. Her injuries unfortunately proved fatal. Mr. Beauchamp's conduct throughout does credit to his high courage, his presence of mind and his nerve. A fine man!

Five Shillings, Please!

An unemployed ex-Service man who had served three years in the Ministry of Health was attracted by an announcement of a competitive examination for appointments in the Ministry of Labour, and wrote to Whitehall asking if he was eligible. By way of reply he received an application form with a request that it should be filled in and returned without delay. He at once complied, with difficulty raising five shillings for the entrance fee, and was then informed that he was ineligible as he had not served in the Ministry of Labour. But they said nothing about returning his five shillings!

Our Sisters.

That England's heart does not cease to throb with the tender feeling of pity for spoiled lives is proved by the amount of money raised to help the tragic survivors of the Tipton explosion wherein nineteen girls lost their lives. For the five who remain alive sufficient money has been invested to bring in for each an annual income of one hundred and thirty-three pounds. Enough to chase away the grim fear of privation. Well, done, Tipton!

Kindness to an Animal.

Frank Henderson, of Maryfield Farm, Blairgowrie, must be a cold-hearted brute. He has just been convicted of cruelly ill-treating five horses, four cows and three calves. When his farm was visited it was found that his animals were suffering from acute hunger—some of them even eating earth to keep them from starvation. Henderson was fined £10, with the option of twenty-one days' imprisonment, by the Perth Court. We consider he got off far too lightly.

Crooked Julia.

Only twenty-two, Julia Norris, a New Cross servant, should be a useful member of society. When fifteen she did wrong and was handed over to a reformatory. Instead of making her as straight as a die she has, after four years of treatment, proved more like a corkscrew. She has done three months' hard labour, had a spell of Borstal and has now been given three months for theft. There is no prospect of her emerging from jail an honest girl. What do the medical experts think about her case?

His Barn Dance.

Hardly had the prison gates clanged behind the right side of John Barnsticks, 55, than he toddled towards where the mead flows and celebrated his release. Alack for the use he made of "This Freedom!" The cold grey dawn found him in a cell at Stratford, and as the morning went on he stood before Mr. Sharpe, charged with being drunk and assaulting the boys in blue. "Don't send me back to jail!" pleaded John. Mercifully he's bound over for a year. Only lemonade this Christmas, John!

Enough to Turn 'em Green!

A disabled ex-soldier, minus a leg, with a wife and two children to support, secured for himself a suitable job as night watchman in connection with the work of repaving Turnham Green Terrace, Chiswick. After he had been at it for a week the Labour Exchange officials informed the contractors that only men sent from the Exchange must be employed, and he and a score of labourers were sacked. The foreman promised to reinstate him if he could obtain the necessary green card from the Exchange, but this was refused him. We would like to know why.

Is it Jobbery?

No one will be ready to compliment the Llandudno Council on the trick they have just served a local ex-Service man named Codman, who for the last five years has rented a stand in the Happy Valley for the purpose of giving entertainments. He paid £400 a year for this, but for some unknown reason the Council have this year let it to the Palladium Co., a local concern, owning the Palladium, Codman's only opposition show. As the Palladium Co. are only to pay the same figure as Codman did, we fail to see where the ratepayers will benefit. Are any of the Council interested in the Palladium?

Manhood.

Somewhere in London there lives a Yorkshire lad who drives his own taxicab about the perilous streets and is not too much engrossed with maximum fares to do a kind deed and remain anonymous. Finding a St. Dunstan's man sitting patiently at Victoria, he drove him across London, put him right for Leeds, found friends who would care for him, and after shaking him warmly by the hand refused any remuneration. The ex-soldier's tragedy was a big one. He was going north to touch the new baby he would never see, and now he wishes the taximan's action put on record. JOHN BULL is proud to do it.

The Dead—and the Living.

A war memorial which perpetuates the memory of those who made the great sacrifice, and which aids those who were left in a disabled condition, is one to be found in Lancashire. This memorial, in the form of a village, is the gift of the people of the county, and here not only are disabled men and their families to be housed, but training for different trades is to be given to the ex-heroes. What an idea!

No Work for White Men.

When the troopship *Assaye*, belonging to the P. and O. Company, was at Southampton recently, the painters who had been engaged on her were dismissed on a Saturday, and on the Sunday labourers were taken on to wash the woodwork while lascars followed behind them painting it. There is a great deal of unemployment and distress among ship painters and decorators in the port, and it would be interesting to know whether the War Office or the Company were responsible for this extraordinary proceeding.

Last year, in dry America, nearly a million and a half gallons of whisky were sold by chemists on doctors' prescriptions. Americans seem to get faint when they come near a chemist's shop. Twenty thousand bogus doctors are working overtime writing these prescriptions. If these are the benefits of Prohibition, is it to be wondered that Scotland wouldn't have it? Freedom and whisky, the Scots poet said, go together. Pussyfoot doesn't seem to have been able to separate them. There is certainly plenty of freedom under the American Prohibition restrictions.

Problems of Life.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me an essay which contains the following suggestive passage:—"Life is somewhat like Golf. Beginners and duffers constantly complain of their luck, of the many hazards and difficulties, wishing always for an easy course and a perfect lie, but the experienced player knows better . . . One's real opponent is oneself . . . Difficulties and obstacles will fail to disturb us if we keep in mind that a good recovery from a difficult lie is one of the most thrilling shots of the game."

This is bracing optimism, and I would warrant that the man who gives it forth is an excellent partner to have in a foursome, and a first-rate comrade to go tiger-hunting with.

The best friend to possess is one who stands firm on his own feet. He will respect your independence as you respect his, and will not look to you to bear his burdens instead of shouldering them manfully himself.

He may be a loser to-day, but will be a winner to-morrow, for his is the spirit that refuses to accept defeat.

Every man is his own chief asset and liability: the root causes of our successes and failures are not without but within ourselves.

We all know the kind of man whom no emergency can render helpless, and we are but too familiar with the other kind that lies down before every obstacle.

There are people who cannot be imagined as going under in life, and some whom nothing can keep up.

A brave heart is generally a cheerful one: those who expect others to smooth their way for them know little of the true savour of existence.

No life can be futile that is governed by a right purpose and faithfully pursues it through dark and light.

Expensive Gifts.

Not only are the ex-soldiers being badly treated—even the men in the Army have their little troubles. A man stationed in India received fifty cigarettes from his parents in this country; to get them he had to pay the Customs authorities 8s. 6d. duty. Another man had a sports outfit sent, and for this he had to pay 28s. duty. Surely troops could be exempted from these imposts?

Canteen Profits.

When complaint was made that foreign matches were being sold in canteens by the N.A.A.F.I., the answer was that they were made by disabled Belgian soldiers. Now we have a complaint that the N.A.A.F.I. charge a penny a box for them, although, seeing that they can be obtained in shops for sevenpence a dozen, two boxes for three half-pence would show a fair profit. Any answer?

When Eve Sells Petrol.

Sir Thomas Pile, Bart., and Mr. E. P. Dewhurst have written to say that they too have no connection with the Scarsdale Petroleum Company. Evidently the promoters of this wild-cat scheme ornamented their prospectus with the names of people who had already declined to have anything to do with the concern. We hope no fools will step in where these wise men refuse to tread.

Frisch's Fishing.

An individual with the unattractive name of Frisch trades as the "Record General Sales Agency" at 42, Church Street, Croydon. His method of angling for customers is to offer an "Export Record" safety razor free to employees in large offices who will send him in confidence the names and addresses of fifteen of their fellow workers. Frisch must be very ignorant if he imagines that this sort of fishing is likely to be appreciated in this country.

Counterfeit and Fleet Feet.

"Yes, we have no bananas, but we have plenty of these," were the written words which winked back at a Glasgow shop assistant, when she examined a pound note tendered by George Henderson, a motor driver. As the note was merely an advertisement, and since she had tendered change for a genuine one, the girl gave chase and Henderson was caught. For his audacity he had to pay the magistrates three genuine notes on which reference to bananas found no place.

A Star Performance.

The Star Brassfoundry Co., of 4, Burbury Street, Birmingham, are incorrigible jokers. To everybody who buys a set of fire brasses they offer to present a beautiful brass kerb or fender. An illustration of these fenders is given, and they ask you to state the number of the model you select. When you get it you find that this model company has sent you a model indeed, a little brass fender, three or four inches long, which you could carry in your waistcoat pocket. Brass is often associated with effrontery, but rarely more cynically than in this instance.

Don't Trust the Cambrian Trust.

More than once we have exposed the flimsy character of the Cambrian Trust, Ltd., of 29, Regent Street, London, S.W., who urge the purchase of oil plots in Arkansas, U.S.A. Some idea of the nature of their business may be gained from the fact that we have received an appeal for advice, from a poor widow with six children who paid £5 three months ago for one of these plots and has received nothing for her money but an elaborate "Contract of Deed" and invitations to invest more money. We fear it is too late now for advice.

Rectory Rummage.

An advertisement over the name of H. Willett, The Rectory, East Stratton, Micheldever, Hants, offered a parcel of ladies' clothing for 12s. 6d. A reader who sent that sum received a bundle of old clothes which looked as though they had come from a rummage sale, with a covering letter signed "Mrs. H. Willett." When she asked for her money back she was favoured with an illiterate screed saying, "You are the only one that as ever written to me in such a manner, and when a thing is sold, its sold. And that finishes it." So now you know.

When Is A Man Mad?

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused during the last few days by the issue of the official report into the vexed question of criminal insanity which was brought very much into the limelight by JOHN BULL's pungent comments on the Ronald True case. While this subject is still in prominent notice it is to be hoped that the whole system that revolves around the Broadmoor Criminal Asylum will be investigated and its defects removed.

If the authorities give careful attention to the administration of Broadmoor they will find that there is a rather serious hiatus between the resumed normality of an inmate and his release. This should be bridged; but at the moment—Box-and-Cox methods often obtain—the Medical Superintendent says that he cannot order the release of an inmate, it is left with the Home Office, while the Home Office say that they can only order release on the strength of the Medical Superintendent's report.

There is the case of H. R. Gooding, who has been a trusted servant of the Lewisham Borough Council for twenty-five years. After a period of exceedingly heavy work and depression due to the death of his favourite son, Gooding was so mentally disturbed that he attempted his own life.

When brought up at the Old Bailey on a charge of attempted suicide, Judge Greer finished the case by sending him to Broadmoor "during his Majesty's pleasure," Gooding being declared to be "unfit to plead."

This was in June, 1921, and since then the man has been subjected to various forms of mental tests. What the Medical Superintendent thought can best be assumed by the fact that he told Gooding's solicitor, Mr. R. H. S. Butterworth, in March, 1922, that if Gooding would accept the decision of the Lewisham Borough Council regarding his pension (and so spare himself the worry of any litigation), and go into the country for three months with somebody responsible, it would facilitate his release.

The Superintendent also told Mr. MacDougall (the family guardian) that "Gooding is sane and capable of managing his own affairs." Further, when at the Greenwich County Court the Judge (who was hearing a tenancy case concerning Gooding's house) a few months ago, exclaimed, "Why isn't this man out? He is a sane man."

The Judge adjourned the case in order that an application for Gooding's release could be made to the Home Office. And again two weeks ago in the Greenwich County Court a letter was produced from Dr. Sullivan, certifying Gooding to be able to give instructions to his solicitor, and another sworn statement by the Deputy Medical Superintendent, to the effect that Gooding "is in a condition to understand the contents" of a deed which he signed.

Why does the Home Office refuse to release him?

Amazing Slave Trade Revelations

THE reassuring Press statements regarding Chinatown find no corroboration in the evidence collected by our own Special Commissioner. Chinatown is the danger it has always been, and here we make fresh disclosures of its sinister activities.

WE think that the moment has come to protest against a new and disquieting development in connection with the ever-changing wiles of the undesirables who are engaged in the drug traffic in this country.

At the present moment dust is being thrown in the public eye by people engaged in police courts up and down the country where prosecutions of this kind are taking place, and they all strike the same comforting note, suggesting that the police have got this menace practically suppressed. This is sheer nonsense.

We are perfectly aware that the police have recently, as a sequel to our campaign for the elimination of this insidious and dangerous traffic, strengthened the branch which has been deputed to deal with it. But it is one thing to say that a real effort has begun, and another to say that it has altogether succeeded.

The truth is that the situation to-day is quite as menacing as it has ever been, and although the police have made a certain amount of progress, it should be recognised that they are dealing with a very cunning and persistent class of rogues and that it is as true in Limehouse as in Hong Kong that the heathen Chinee is peculiar for ways that are dark and tricks that are not always vain.

In two recent cases where white women, one of whom was married to a notorious Chinaman named Choy ah Kitt, were convicted for dealing in dope, the police seemed to be uncertain where the cocaine came from. We can give them a pretty plain hint.

In Mrs. Kitt's case the police thought the drugs were brought to her by an Oriental seaman from Hamburg. We advise them to follow up this clue. It will lead them straight to the present headquarters of the dope syndicate.

We are in a position to state that at the present time three of the most sinister figures in the underworld of Chinatown are in Hamburg. They are Choy ah Kitt, the husband of the woman just convicted, who, by the way, was known as the "Snow Queen of Limehouse," and two of his yellow companions, one a well-known friend of May Roberts (who, on her recent release from gaol, brought Julia Kitt to stay at her house); and another who has a record of opium-smoking convictions in this country.

These rascals act as a sort of clearing house for the Continental dope traffic. They collect the drugs from the makers, firms like Burbeck and Dolder, of Basle, known by Scotland Yard to be concerned in the illicit drug trade, and distribute it through their agents in France, Germany, and England.

Not only are these people sending opium and cocaine here by the old methods of hiding it in Christmas toys, in supposed jars of preserves, and things of that kind, but they are now engaged upon a new and even more impudent traffic, the smuggling of men into this country.

Not since the old days of the slave traffic in America, when "blackbirding" made fortunes for the unscrupulous, has so much money been made at the cost of so much sacrifice and human suffering as is being made to-day by the "yellow birders," as the unscrupulous rascals are called who run this trade.

They have agents in China, who collect large sums of money from simple-minded up-country Chinamen who are told that they will be brought to England, a land of peace and prosperity, the generous friend of China, and will there be given positions of comfort leading to affluence.

The men are being brought to Hamburg, and from there smuggled into this country, into which they are being landed silently and under cover of darkness.

They have contracted to pay a large sum to their benefactors in addition to their passage-money, and they have to work to pay this off. They are hidden away in Chinese laundries, where they are given starvation wages and are, to all intents and purposes, slaves.

They have no English, and if they had would be afraid to complain to the police, because they know they would be fined and imprisoned and deported for breach of the Aliens Act. Only the other day a batch was discovered at Cardiff, and punished in this way.

Further, these unfortunate wretches are terrorised by the threat that they will be tortured for the drug smuggling which the "yellow birders" compel them to do. The yellow slave is the ideal drug carrier. If he gets through, the dope syndicate make the profit. If he is caught it is the slave, not the slaver, who takes the punishment.

Inspector Howard, of Liverpool, knows a good deal about these matters, and occasionally makes a haul, as when Wing Wan, a laundry proprietor, was fined £25 and costs for harbouring an alien. All Chinese laundries should be regularly inspected, and the papers of the men working in them thoroughly investigated. Many of the so-called laundries are merely dope stores, and should be closed down.

Tomes of Tomfoolery

CRANKS are screamingly funny when they are funnily screaming. That's why the more W. H. Box of Plymouth screams, the tighter we have to hold our sides.

Friend Box, it should be explained for the sake of those who are dying to laugh but can't, has a bee buzzing away merrily in his li'l ole bonnet—he is convinced that doctors and butchers belong to the same gory profession, and that when the medico is not slashing his lancet on the steel he is filleting some pain-wracked soul.

At last Box became so incensed at the thought of doctors curing dyspepsia and sciatica with bottles of water tinctured with a little cochineal and a lot of faith, that he dipped his pen in mud and wrote.

In his immortal work, "Five Open Letters to Lloyd George," he deals with the Insurance Bill, and by the aid of much black-faced type proceeds to let the Wily Welshman into the secret that cancer, syphilis, consumption, scrofula, erysipelas and skin diseases "are due to the medical profession."

"Doctors are murderers," he tells us, and he proceeds to give his alternative: the "One Sentence Act"—every child is to be "taught the names and properties of at least twenty herbs which their parents would quickly pick up, and every disease in a very short time would totally and for ever disappear."

Box has another book: "The Shameless Analysis of Secret Remedies by the British Medical Association." In this priceless gem he turns the limelight on himself by claiming to be able to cure blindness.

But his best "work" is "The Famous Bird that Speaks One Word." In this he gleefully explains that one half of those now dead would have been alive had they used elder-blossom and peppermint.

Of course Box has his own very good reason for publishing these tomes of tomfoolery. It may be that the constant recommendation of "Box's Pills" or "Box's Golden Fire" or "Box's Lotion" is a sound justification for the existence of these books—from his point of view.

The public ought to be protected from the dangerous fallacies he prints. To warn cancer patients against operations by surgeons, as Box does, is downright foolish; it becomes even more so when he offers to cure cancer by remedies that he gets from "the hedge-row and fields, valleys and mountains, and even the rocks and stones."

He even stated to the Government that "of the 30,000 cancer cases now doomed to die of cancer he is prepared to cure three-fourths (22,500) free of charge."

But he mentions no herbal cure for insanity.

A Man of Many Parts

ONE man in his time plays many parts, said Shakespeare, and the individual we tell of here remembered the words when he set out to trade on the disabilities of ex-Servicemen and to appeal to Royalty for support.

AN example of frustrated hopes and unrealised ambitions of people who set up schemes for the stated purpose of helping the disabled and out-of-work is shown in the series of enterprises associated with Mr. Henry Dunsford, of High Holborn, London, W.C.

This gentleman has for years been connected with a number of charitable schemes for providing disabled ex-soldiers with employment and more than one of the concerns have been struck off the register of War Charities.

In one of his schemes Mr. Dunsford interested Queen Alexandra who sent twenty-five pounds as a token of sympathy, and Princess Mary, who sent five pounds in the same spirit. The Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, being told that a workshop for disabled men might be established in that district, gave it his blessing and commended an appeal for subscriptions.

These disasters, and the disappointments they caused to disabled employees, did not deter Mr. Dunsford from formulating enterprises even more magnificent in scope and ambition. He and his associates adumbrated a grandiose scheme which was to make a net profit of nearly a quarter of a million a year. The scheme was called the "Travellers' Clock Bureaux." The idea was to open shops all over the country in the neighbourhood of railway stations, where travellers could send or leave messages, meet friends, secure attendance guides or messengers and obtain any accommodation they might require.

But before this quarter of a million could be earned, the promoters wanted to raise a working capital of seventy-five thousand pounds. They put out various schemes for raising this money. Ex-officers were invited to put £300 into a syndicate for which they were to get shares and also appointments as local supervisors at £260 a year.

The Guild of Officers was to be brought into it, and the Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Workshops Institution. Guild members could find employment as the Institution was to employ them at salaries of four pounds a week to collect funds. Of these funds forty per cent. was to go to the Guild of Officers, forty per cent. to the multiple shop scheme, and twenty per cent. to the Disabled Soldiers' Institution, which was to control the funds and which is merely a private business venture, largely run by Dunsford.

We say that this was altogether wrong, apart from the strong improbability that such a wild-cat scheme could be built up successfully after the previous failures. This project received the commendation of a paper called the *Arena*, described as "concerned primarily with charity administration but cognisant of the world's affairs." In spite of this, it has not materialised as a dividend earning proposition.

But the conspicuous absence of success did not deter the irrepressible Dunsford from another scarcely less grandiose scheme. This was to be international in scope, and named the Inter-Allied Disabled Soldiers' and Sailors' Match Industry. It was started to sell matches made in Belgium by an organisation here of disabled warriors. It was to make an estimated profit of nearly a thousand pounds a week and the same objectionable system of finance was to achieve this, namely, ex-officers were to invest £150 each and get salaried posts. They were to organise disabled men, who must have lost a limb, to sell matches at two pounds a week and afterwards three pounds a week.

In order to earn a wage of between two and three pounds a disabled ex-soldier would have to sell every week between seven and eight thousand boxes of matches, and, even if he succeeded in this, that would leave nothing to pay the managers, the office rent, the railway fares and administrative expenses. The scheme was started last summer and a number of officers put their money into it. But—the estimated profits have not been realised.

The other day, Colonel Blew, the General Manager of the Industry, approached the British Legion with a request for financial assistance. He wanted a grant of £10,000. He explained that Mr. Dunsford was willing to leave the concern if he got £5,000 compensation for his interests! The British Legion turned the proposal down.

At the present time a Mr. Chalmers, the same name as the editor of the *Arena*, which was published from one of the offices in which Dunsford worked, and which praised Mr. Dunsford's multiple shop scheme, is, from an address in Grays Inn Road, assisting Mr. Dunsford in trying to get money from ex-officers and others, including many wealthy and well-known people.

There, for the moment, we leave Mr. Dunsford. But we strongly advise ex-officers not to invest their money in this match industry about which the only safety is the description of safety matches. And we advise wealthy people, who are now being specially circularised, not to support charitable schemes of this kind, but to press with us for a proper, official administration of the great task of helping the disabled heroes of the Great War.

An Irishman and Shylock

"AS slippery as an eel" is a phrase which well conveys the elusive characteristics of a certain Shylock who has his home by the seaside. He does not call himself Shylock. We recently dubbed him that with reference to his methods of doing business. He prefers to distinguish himself from the rest of the blood-sucking brotherhood by describing himself as "a private gentleman," and even heads his announcements with the warning, "Don't Deal With Moneylenders!"

He goes by the name of V. Malgarin, and his present address is 4, Highcliffe Villas, Herne Bay.

He has not always haunted the Kentish coast, though for some years he seems to have shown a fondness for the seaside. Not so long ago he was installed at 45, Tindall Street, Scarborough.

When he was there he apparently had not the strong objection to the designation of moneylender which he has since developed, for he boldly printed on his notepaper "V. Malgarin, Registered by Act of Parliament to lend money." He endeavoured, however, to convey the impression that he was somehow a little different from the rest of his tribe by the constant repetition in his correspondence of the assurance "I am quite private."

We have before us an instance of the methods of this very "private gentleman" which we consider should be made public.

A resident in Ireland applied to him for a loan of £100. Malgarin at once indicated his readiness to advance the money, and asked for 19s. 8d. "expenses."

The would-be borrower demurred at paying these "expenses." Malgarin was hurt. Reproachfully he wrote, "You ask me to trust *you* with £100, and you do not seem to trust *me* with 19s. 8d!"

The money was sent, and Malgarin expressed his willingness to advance £200 at 15 per cent. interest. He would have liked some security, but he showed himself very accommodating in this respect, for he wrote "Failing security could you make payment in advance of interest, on the clear understanding that I reserve the right to refuse your business and refund your money? I prefer security, still I am open to accept the other as proof you are not pressed for cash—ready cash."

Our Irishman accepted the alternative and received the following from Malgarin: "Thanks for your letter, also cheque for £7 10s., same being interest in advance on loan to be made. I have put same through in the ordinary way, and will communicate with you in due course."

The loan was never made. Letters and telegrams to Malgarin were ignored, and at least the borrower communicated with the police and learned through them that he had slipped away.

Now they know where to find him.

A Count of No Account

IN the thrilling realm of feather and cloak melodrama, the Russian count is recognised by the audiences as a villain the moment he steps on to the stage.

In real life Russian counts are often quite respectable, and condescend to be good enough to resemble quite ordinary people.

That was the case with Count Troubetskoy, the charming, debonaire and lavishly generous gentleman who recently arrived in this country to transact some important business in connection with his vast estate in Russia.

Occupying an expensive and palatial suite of rooms at one of London's most distinguished hotels, it was his pleasure, after spending the day with his solicitors and agents in the city, accompanied by his secretary, to spend the evening in entertaining wealthy and eminent people.

During his stay in London, his luck at cards would have done no discredit to a melodrama villain. In the course of a few weeks his gains amounted to something like twelve thousand pounds. It is a sad thing that anything should happen in this country to disconcert a distinguished foreign nobleman. Unfortunately such a *contretemps* occurred.

The hotel manager, hearing the count describing himself over the telephone as Prince Troubetskoy, and knowing that there was another Prince Troubetzkoy in London, rang him up, and asked what relation the hotel Prince Troubetzkoy was to the real Prince Troubetzkoy. He learned that he was no relation whatsoever, but that the prince was much annoyed to discover that another person was using his title.

That finished the hotel count. He was soon counted out. His departure was no doubt a cause of regret to the beautiful woman who is known as Countess Marie, and who was so frequently in his genial society, and at his "lucky" card parties, and it was also a source of trouble to Scotland Yard, who thought it necessary to send a special detective to escort him to Southampton and on to a boat that would take him a safe distance from England.

The truth is that "Count Troubetskoy" was a rank impostor, a Russian Pole of humble origin who is known to the police in Brussels, Paris and New York as a confidential trickster and notorious card sharper.

But what less humble folk, and less decorative, would like to know, is, how it comes about that the peers and plutocrats who frequented his suite were so easily imposed upon?

And what of the Customs authorities and the passport sleuths who are the watchdogs at the gate of our great Empire?

Do the police, too, prostrate themselves at the mere mention of the magic title of "count," even when they know the bearer is a count of no account?

We should like to know why he was not prosecuted.

A Girl's Torn Gloves

"IF what this girl says is true, it would be a terrible charge to bring against a medical man of your standing?" asked Sir Henry Curtis Bennett of the elderly, paternal doctor in the box.

There was a tense silence. Judge, jury and public riveted their eyes on the pathetic prisoner. He gulped. Then, quietly: "It would"—pause—"be awful."

Everybody in the London Session House felt easier when this tragic and dramatic moment had passed. James Heaney was in the crucible. The medical man next to me confided that charges such as this are brought against every doctor sooner or later. It is a dread possibility.

The prosecutrix, a girl of about twenty, typical East End factory-girl, had been a panel patient of Dr. Heaney's for two years, and in the course of that time had been treated by him. Then one evening on a visit to him, he examined her for her troublesome roundness of shoulders and, being extremely nervous and highly strung, the girl told her sister he had treated her indecently.

When the father called on Dr. Heaney, the poor medico was too distressed and dismayed to be coherent. "I would rather have lost £10 than have had such a rumour circulated," he said unwisely.

Faced with the criminal charge of indecent assault, all the details of that unfortunate evening had assumed an inflated and exaggerated importance. As Sir Henry Curtis Bennett pointed out, when a person thinks another is guilty, all sorts of innocent things gain a significant and sinister character. The doctor's exclamation regarding the £10, therefore, naturally became a bribe to the disturbed father to say nothing about the incident.

Two hours of cross-examination, however, cleared up the matter in the minds of most of those in the public seats, but the jury preferred to retire to consider the verdict.

Twenty long, weary minutes had gone. The doctor sat bent of back, with an ugly red spot on each cheek, twitching fingers, and eyes, unhealthily bright, darting hither and thither about that little court.

There is no period so fraught with terror (unless it was a zero-hour in the late war) as that in which a jury consider their verdict. Near me sat a smart, refined girl of about twenty, with black eyes burning with intensity of feeling, slowly pulling her little white suède gloves to pieces. She was the doctor's daughter. Her suffering was like that of the Virgin Mary's when the Son hung on the Cross.

Then the judge took his seat.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you considered your verdict?"

"We have."

"Gentlemen of the Jury, what is your verdict?"

"*Not Guilty!*"

A pair of torn suède gloves were found on a seat by the caretaker.

The Island of Lost Hope

THE American people are rather sensitive about criticism of Ellis Island, New York's Immigration Station, largely because they believe that their administrative officials are as good as those of any other country.

They are most anxious, however, to stop the scandal of Ellis Island, with its overcrowding, and the mental torture of the people who are delayed there pending consideration of their cases. Sometimes a family is held up because one of its members may be considered unsuitable, and they have to wait practically in torture to find out, it may be, whether a child is to be admitted, or parted from its parents, and sent back to Europe where it has no longer a home.

They showed this anxiety by asking Sir Auckland Geddes to visit the place himself, and give a frank and free and candid account of it. He said that the arrangement was diabolic, the mental anguish it inflicted was often excruciating, and that for himself he would prefer imprisonment to incarceration in Ellis Island pending deportation.

A case that has just occurred has again perturbed American public opinion, and we earnestly hope that this great and friendly nation will see to it that such a tragedy cannot occur again.

A young Irish girl of eighteen, Mary Brennan, went recently to America to visit a wealthy aunt in New York. She was rejected at Ellis Island and sent back on the *Baltic*. While on Ellis Island she caught a cold, on board ship it developed into pneumonia and, in the crisis of her suffering, she gave birth to a child. The baby and the girl-mother died a few hours later, and both were buried at sea.

The American authorities are perhaps entitled to say that an unmarried mother, who had deceived her parents as to her condition, was not the kind of girl they wanted in the States, though we are sure that most Americans would sympathise with an unhappy girl in her sad situation.

But to turn her away on the eve of child-birth, and send her to sea, instead of allowing her to remain in the Ellis Island Hospital, when her condition was discovered, seems to us a form of cruelty that is not palliated by any reference to official rules and regulations. There is no question of the expense, as the girl possessed forty pounds.

Neither apparently did the officials inform the ship's doctor, who said that had he been aware of her condition he would not have taken her on board.

We respectfully ask the American people, in the name of common humanity, to stop the immolation of mothers and children on an altar of red-tape.

A Tragedy of Errors

WE like to think that JOHN BULL brings a ray of sunshine into countless homes in this country. That is why we are pleased when firms to which we have given a little free publicity write us pleasant letters of genial thanks.

Such a firm is E. Shipley & Co., of Goldthorpe, Yorks. It is run by a Mr. Arthur Roper, a gentleman with a pretty wit. He advertised a position with a salary of six pounds a week, the main qualification for which was "absolute abiding honesty."

Incidentally, the applicant had to forward half-a-crown, and intimate his willingness to travel abroad at the expense of the firm. Six pounds a week and see the world, merely for being absolutely and abidingly honest—and parting with a half-crown.

We do not know how many people parted with half-crowns. But if ten per cent. of them who would like such a job sent in their half-crowns, money must have poured in to Shipley by shipload.

We ventured to direct a little note of caution to our readers and to stem the flow of England's half-crowns.

Mr. Roper wrote us effusively, by way of thanks, the nice genial correspondence, as we say, that we like to get. He congratulated us on our style, and noted that we did not commit ourselves. Further, he offered to call personally upon us, when next in town, to thank us.

He has not come. His visit has been unavoidably postponed—at least till after Christmas.

We did not commit ourselves. Mr. Roper appears to be less discriminating. Last week he was sent to jail for obtaining a munber of half-crowns by false pretences.

We do not suppose that after this he will persist in his written demand that we should publicly admit that we were in error and vindicate him.

If he does we shall quote for him the observation of the Chairman of the Board that his case was a deliberate fraud, and the kind of thing they were determined to stop. So are we.

We repeat our advice to our readers when they are asked to invest money in return for employment to refuse to do so till satisfactory answers have been given to questions as to position, bona fides and capacity. In this case Roper said that he carried on a music-publishing business for a private house, in his mother's maiden name, and worked in a colliery by day and at a kinema by night.

No doubt he had to make ends meet. But it seems an inadequate qualification for employing travellers to go abroad at his expense and at a six pound a week salary.

Perhaps we can bid Shipley a fond farewell!

Robbing the Christmas Hearth

UP and down the country at this time of the year there are hundreds of thousands of working people who are looking forward to meeting their Christmas expenses by drawing out the money which they have paid by weekly instalments into their loan clubs.

When they get their money all right there is nothing further to be said except "Good luck to them." Unfortunately in too many cases they do not get their money, a tragic position in which to find themselves at the festive season.

It is to be hoped that this year there will not be the same formidable crop of suicides by defaulting treasurers that there was last year, or the same long list of sentences to imprisonment following similar frauds and embezzlements.

But the conditions under which too many of these loan societies are run do not inspire us with undue hope.

A sad case from Liverpool illustrates the danger to which we refer. A woman named Eleanor O'Neill was found drowned in the canal, and the inquest inquiry showed that she was the wife of an out-of-work ship's fireman. She was conducting a loan society with a large number of members who paid in a shilling a week, and also a "Diddlums Club" in which members began by paying a half-penny a week and doubling their subscriptions every subsequent week until the Christmas share-out.

When the time came the woman could not find the money for the "Diddlum" distribution. She borrowed thirty pounds from a moneylender, and when she could not go on paying him she threw herself into the canal.

It is amazing that poor people will entrust their scanty savings to a woman in this position, whose husband is out of work, and who, while she is unable to pay her rent and buy food, is controlling what to her was obviously a large sum of money.

In cases like this, no proper accounts are kept. The people who contribute, and the people who control, have not even the remotest idea of elementary business.

The remedy is clear. We demand that the Registrar of Friendly Societies shall have his functions enlarged so that he can exercise supervision over all loan societies, and make them comply with regulations that would be a real safeguard.

In the meantime, we urge the working classes to pay their money into no loan society which has not proper rules, trustees, and a committee which will undertake to have a bank account opened for the deposits to be kept in security.

Home Truths About Labour

by LORD ASKWITH, K.C.B.

Whose work as intermediary in industrial disputes has won the confidence of both sides.

AT heart the average working man is as sound as a bell. Unfortunately for him he may have on occasions to put up with the domination of misguided leaders or the unfairness of short-sighted employers; and, very often, between the two, he is represented to the public as anything but the good, loyal fellow he is.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart, and it has been my experience that sheer foolishness, coupled with the mental incapacity to see the other fellow's point of view, has often been the cause of serious industrial troubles.

I recall a dispute in the shipbuilding trade some time ago, when the Boilermakers' Union not only could not get the employers' angle on the subject, but could not find their own. The headquarters of the Boilermakers' Union is in Newcastle, and it is not always easy for Newcastle to understand the position in regions so far apart as Bristol, Glasgow, London, and Portsmouth. In that case I suggested that everyone of the many branches should send a delegate to a London conference of the men only, so that I could get the local views.

THAT meeting provided me with two days' enjoyment. Boilermakers, by virtue of their work, are all slightly deaf, so loud arguments were the order of the day, in real shipyard language. For two days they told what they thought of one another, in stentorian tones and graceful language. I sat quiet and waited until they had let off sufficient steam, and then jotted down half a dozen points which were generally accepted as embodying their claims. "And now you must meet the employers,' I told them, "but perhaps you had better speak to them in more kindly language than you have used to each other"—a suggestion that was not carried into effect. The employers had a gruelling time, but eventually arrived at an agreement on the points which they had not previously realised to have been required by the men.

I MENTION this instance by way of introducing what I consider to be one of the worst disputes of recent days—the boilermakers' strike that has just been settled; although it was a lock-out rather than a strike. Perverted accounts of this have appeared in the Press, and I cannot help feeling that the public ought to be more fully informed by the parties as to the actual facts.

Only those well within the Trade Union councils know how this disastrous dispute arose, and how it was settled, and settled, too, as it might have been settled at the very outset, instead of being dragged on for twenty-nine weeks.

The Boilermakers' Union was a member of a federation of trade unions, the chairman of which (Mr. J. Hill) is also the general secretary of the Boilermakers' Union. Mr. Hill was instructed by his union not to pledge the boilermakers to an agreement which the federation was negotiating with the employers because, with the best will in the world, the boilermakers would not be able to carry out the terms of the agreement as they were not applicable to certain sections of their trade.

SO the employers locked out the boilermakers, who certainly, in my opinion, had a *prima facie* case in the stand they took. After twenty-nine weeks of idleness for 10,000 boilermakers, and many tens of thousands of other employees on the Tyne, Tees, Wear, Clyde and other shipyards, the *delegates* of the various *branches* were brought into conference with the employers, and an amicable settlement was soon arrived at.

Mismanagement of men is at the root of many industrial troubles—sometimes the mismanagement is on the part of the employers; at others, on the part of the trade union leaders. In the South Wales coalfields, for instance, the men's leaders have been known to call strikes on some flimsy pretext, which may be, in reality, merely an act of political window dressing or even less than that, because the leader did not like the face of a new foreman! They use these strikes, lasting only a few days, to round up non-members into the union. The employers know this and do not get unduly concerned. Experience teaches them that when the strikers have spent their cash they will come back, work double as hard, and so catch up the arrears.

NO one is more fitted to write on the problems of the Trade Unions than Lord Askwith. His wide experience as an arbitrator has brought him in close touch with every section of Labour, and here, out of his deep knowledge, he deals with the subject nearest Labour's heart.

So far as the mining industry is concerned, I consider that it is hovering on the brink of danger. Many mines are being worked at a loss and the minimum wage made up out of capital. Although there has been a weeding out since the war, there are still too many employed in the surface work of the mines as compared with the grades of employment such as hewers, hauliers, etc. The pay-roll is still over-weighted by pit-mouth workers. And the average individual output of the underground workers in some fields is below the economic level.

It used to be reckoned that a mine could only pay on the basis that, for each man employed in and about the mine, there was produced about one ton per day—300 tons per year had to be the output for each man. But now the mines on the average are working well below that figure.

THESE are some of the factors that are forcing the mining industry into trouble. Nor is the suggestion of nationalisation any remedy — the reverse, in fact. That is the essential weakness of Mr. Bob Smillie as a trade union leader, sincere as he undoubtedly is. His attitude is: "Don't negotiate with the employers, but clear them out." So that from time to time he has had to be overruled by his executive. Fortunately for the mining fraternity, Mr. Frank Hodges is becoming a negotiator, with capacity for making a genuine "deal."

NATIONALISATION is a fine-sounding theory, but it is liable to explosion when pricked with the hard facts of present industrial conditions. The railwaymen are far too sagacious to take it seriously. Their talk of nationalisation is just—talk.

And, besides, the railway union has too many domestic concerns to be able to afford much time for the consideration of political theories. Their aim is a One Railway Union—everybody attached to the railways in the one big union. But they are finding that less easy than they would hope. The Craft Unions in the shops do not look eye to eye with the National Union of Railwaymen. The locomotive driver does not deem the fireman, and much less the platelayer or the man who squirts the grease into the axle boxes, to have the same interests or be in the same plane as himself.

SO J. H. Thomas finds that, in attempting to bring the various grades into the same union, he has no slight ideal before him, and, being a practical man, does not fail to recognise that fact. But it must be stated that the tendency within trade unionism is towards contralisation. Trade unionism is in a high state of organisation, despite the fact that, financially and numerically speaking, the trade union movement is weaker than at any period since the war. Strikes and unemployment have drained its coffers.

NEVERTHELESS, in my opinion, the trade union movement is much better organised than ever before. One or two unions are, I admit, dominated by Communist elements, but these are the exceptions. The average trade union secretary is a level-headed fellow, wedded to his work and usually under-paid. I

Lord Askwith.

have sometimes told Executive Committees that, while they are fighting for better pay for their members, it would not be a bad plan to start with their own secretary. One of the few secretaries who is reputed to have a fairly adequate salary is Mr. J. H. Thomas; and it is an illogical fact that many trade unionists say that he is too well paid!

THE worst organised industry, so far as the workers are concerned, is agriculture. Probably the chief reason is that the average farm labourer has not the trade union spirit highly developed in his mind or the outlook of his life. As a general rule he is occupied from sunrise to sunset in work, home, social club, or, in other words, public house, and naturally, if young, in courting. He is on quite intimate and friendly terms with his employer and feels no particular urge to hold a strike pistol at his head.

In conclusion, I would like to point out a dangerous tendency in the trade union movement, the swamping of industrialism in politics, and the desertion of industrialism for political purposes by leader after leader. Very many secretaries of the unions have contested, or will contest, seats for Parliament. The movement will have to face and settle this question, both nationally and internationally.

THE task of representing a general constituency in Parliament demands the whole time, interest and energy of a man. The task of directing the activities of a trade union leaves no time for periods in London. It is a question how far the tide of industrialism is to be affected by the moon of politics and the relation between the two forces. There are bound to come industrial struggles in no remote future (not with the railwaymen, as so many imagine), and if workers are to obtain better conditions their cause will have to be fought by trade union leaders who have concentrated the whole of their time and thought on the facts relating to industry rather than to politics. I do not think the time will ever come, so long as human nature remains what it is, when industrial troubles will be done away with.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles
by FRANK HOLLAND

Defeated twice, that paradise
He cannot enter in;
Once more the Fates have closed the gates.
And Winnie's failed to win.

The stout Wee-Free outlawed Lloyd,
And swore that he despised him,
But all in vain, for once again
Has David hypnotised him.

It's very clear what's happened here,
Tho' hardly kind to stress it;
The job, in fact, has "got him whacked,"
And yet he won't confess it.

They're very lax now with the axe,
And all of them evade it;
They did a bit of work with it,
Then somehow they mislaid it.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

HAD his father lived, Mr. Churchill would no doubt have exhibited in the Royal Academy instead of the House of Commons. There would have been no room for two Churchills in the same field. For the father and son had many characteristics in common. Egotism, restlessness, courage, aggressiveness, immense vitality, a powerful imagination and a gift for self-expression rare among politicians—these were their outstanding qualities.

But the son has since added several virtues (some would call them vices) peculiar to himself. Chief among which is his amazing and quite unique faculty of popping up unexpectedly when everybody firmly believes that he has been finally bottled down. He is the Jack-in-the-box of English politics, the uncertain and unknowable factor.

He loves a battle and smells brimstone on the slightest provocation. He is a martyr to excitement. He acts his part for all he is worth. Life is to him a perpetual drama—every incident a stage-picture. There is the hero of the piece—himself of course—the villain (several villains), a number of small-part people, and a billion or two supers.

ACTING up to the best managerial traditions, he keeps the limelight focused upon himself, and only permits an occasional black-out in order to shine with greater brilliance a little later in the play.

But it mustn't be supposed for a moment that he is another Lloyd George, who can change his make-up and play a dozen quite dissimilar roles in the course of an act. Whatever else can be urged against Mr. Churchill, no one who knows anything about the man will accuse him of acting a part with his tongue in his cheek or of working himself up into momentary spasms of self-deception. He is perfectly consistent and perfectly sincere. He *lives* his part. The villains of his piece are to him real villains—unmitigated rascals, with whom he would have no dealings except on a homicidal basis. He would willingly shoot Lenin, but nothing on earth would make him shake hands with Lenin.

AT present he has Moscow on the brain—rather in the same way that Sherlock Holmes had Moriarty on the brain. Harmless political hecklers become, in his eyes, the spies of Moscow. Childish political hooters are, he is certain, the paid agents of bolshevism. His imagination is even able to transform a street-corner loafer into a special death-doing emissary, corrupted by Russia. It is all very exciting and melodramatic. Everyday details of domestic life, such as the growling of a dog in the backyard when the dust-bins are cleared, send a shiver down the spine. An evening stroll to the letter-box becomes charged with significance. The daily round is as thrilling as a detective story; the common task is redolent of the kinema.

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

SIDE by side with this neurotic aspect of the man (temperamentally Winston has never been anything but a schoolboy), there is the courage of the born fighter. He has never run away from his convictions or his actions. One knows exactly what he stands for. He gains our respect even when he cannot gain our confidence. Which, nowadays, is saying a lot.

The Crusaders' Teeth

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

I WONDER how many of you belong to the "Most Noble Order of Crusaders." "Are you a Mason?" "Are you a brother Buff?" "Are you a British Fascist or Mussolini-ite?" must now go out of fashion as social—and convivial—enquiries, and before partaking of drinks with a stranger, dad will be well advised for the future to ask him if he is a "Most Noble."

In America, which is the land of the free, you can ask a man if he comes from Aberdeen with impunity, but you musn't ask him if he is a Ku Klux Klansman. It is forbidden by the chief Kluxor, who in his way happens to be a much more terrific being than the President of the United States.

PEOPLE who imagine that Ku Kluxory is an institution of recent origin, and something to be laughed at, will be astonished to hear that this beautiful organisation has been in existence considerably over half a century, and that though originally established "for amusement only," it soon developed into an association of "regulators" and has enjoyed an unenviable notoriety for deeds of lawlessness and violence ever since.

Far be it from me to compare the most noble Order of what you might call Robinson Crus-aders with the Ku Klux Klan. One of its grand panjandrums has likened it rather to a bull-dog and to the Boy Scouts. As everybody knows, the bull-dog is a noble animal, till he gets you by the slack of the trousers; while the Boy Scouts are not only extremely useful, but more or less harmless.

"Broadly speaking," says the grand panjandrum, "we have two objects—to help good causes and to remove evils." Also "Our little ritual is simply and solely a paraphrase of the Sermon on the Mount." Nothing particularly Ku-Kluxy about that, is there?

On the other hand we have it on the same panjandric authority that the Order "contains men of the roughest kind" and that while it "avoids threats as much as it can," it will "not hesitate to use other methods if peaceful persuasion proves ineffective, to end any alleged scandal. If kindly warning fails we are not afraid to show our teeth."

SO you begin to see where we are. The Most Noble Order has been in existence a couple of years. Seventy per cent. of its membership are working men, "many of them unemployed," but it likewise includes sundry rich and socially powerful persons, and the other day it was allowed to hold a religious service in Westminster Abbey.

One doesn't wish to throw cold water either on "bull-dogs" or "Boy Scouts," so long as their aims and objects are worthy and within the law. Up to the present the activities of "the most noble" would appear to have been confined to the suppression of "gambling for high stakes in country neighbourhoods," the closing down of certain houses of ill-repute, and the regeneration of an ex-Service Men's Club, which "had fallen under bad control."

THIS much, we take it, the Order has accomplished by "peaceful persuasion" and "kindly warning," and there is no reason why it shouldn't be congratulated on its good work.

But the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and with the past history of such "regulating" societies as the Ku Klux Klan, the Molly Maguires, the Danites and the Maffias before us, we venture to enquire what exactly the Most Noble Order of Crusaders proposes to do in cases where peaceful persuasion and kindly warning fail, and "other methods," including teeth-showing, have to be resorted to.

A little precise information under this head might save a lot of misunderstanding. Anyway, the Crusaders may rest assured that we have no room in England for secret societies — however noble — which might in the course of time develop into societies for taking the law into their own hands.

The Plain Man's Awakening

by The Rev. F. W. NORWOOD, D.D.

(*Pastor of the City Temple*)

THE world has never yet been run in the interests of the plain man, says the writer of this article, who makes a powerful plea for the restoration of sanity to Europe. Nations can survive or flourish under either Free Trade or Protection, but no nation can long do either under the conditions which now prevail in Europe. Our quarrel with Germany is over; our arms have been laid down. The era of peace and prosperity is long overdue. Why has its coming been delayed?

THE Election is over. The issue on which it was fought was never wholly clear, but one startling fact stands out above all others. The Government to-day has no clear mandate from the country upon the only question which matters fundamentally—the restoration of sanity to Europe.

The plain man has been for the moment bluffed by the raising of the question of Free Trade or Protection. Of course he has been told it was all in his own interest. Were not numbers of his kind out of work?

Hence his employers must have artificial "protection," so that, after due consideration for their own profits, they could offer him subsistence while he created them.

He was to say to the foreigners who offered him some necessary article for nine-pence, "No, you don't. I prefer to be employed making it in my employer's factory. After that, all the rest of us as well as myself, will pay a shilling for it to spite you."

CONCERNING Free Trade and Protection the best that can be said for them is that while they may be important neither of them is crucial. The amount of "hot air" which has been expended upon both sides to show that under one or the other the country will go to the dogs is absurdly futile. One has only to read history or to look at the map to see that nations can survive and even flourish under either system.

They each have certain advantages and corresponding disadvantages. I have lived under both systems in Australia in my time, and it is still an open question under which the country was more prosperous. Protection built up some industries and strangled others; Free Trade made some goods cheap while it prevented others being made at all.

THE root factors were the natural wealth of the country, its peculiar geographical conditions and the sobriety and industry of its plain people. There is room for difference of opinion as to how these factors operate in different countries—indeed there always will be differences of opinion.

Place the arguments for both side by side as we must all have done during the Election campaign, and it will be seen there are two classes of facts which move in parallel lines.

We must do our best to decide which is better, but we are foolish if we allow ourselves to believe that either system is fundamental. There is something which is much deeper than either, which, having got rid of the obsession of the Election, we must go steadily on to consider.

At the present moment it is the general state of Europe which cries to us with trumpet tongues for our attention. Nations, as I have said, can survive or flourish under either Free Trade or Protection, but no nation can long do either under the conditions which now prevail in Europe.

Events are quickly marching to a catastrophe which neither fiscal system can avert. And the catastrophe, when it comes, will affect "plain men" everywhere. That is why I call to you to be on the alert.

THE truth is the world has never yet been run in the interests of the plain man. He is supposed to have his portion of interest in territorial adjustments or in trade revivals, but take my word for it, both territory and trade come first.

When territory is wanted he takes it or defends it; when trade is bad he is "sacked." One would be of a very confiding nature indeed who believed that the first question in either was ever concerning the plain man.

Remember there are "plain men" in every country. Perhaps the worst thing about war times is that they make it easy for us to believe that all the plain men in one country are villains, and all in another country are saints and heroes. The truth, of course, is that they are a little bit of each.

They usually are born in much the same way, having a fair amount of love coming to them from the parents who wanted them more or less, but loved them pretty thoroughly when they came.

THEY usually fall in love with a fairly good girl, who is a "plain" girl, although they rightly think her beautiful. When the children come the plain men in all countries are fond of them, work for them, wish them educated, would like to see them outstrip themselves in talents, and in fortune. And usually the plain men in all countries die at last, and the same Mother Earth receives their dust.

For the rest, the plain men in all countries hope and fear, love and hate, believe and disbelieve, in much the same ways. Their tongues speak in mutually unintelligible languages, but if their hearts could speak to one another, territorial boundaries would largely melt away, for the heart has its own Esperanto.

Is it too much to ask that this new Parliament should endeavour to conceive its policies in the interests of plain men? It is no use crying over spilt milk, and we plain men are not above taking our share of the fault, but we have gained in these last ten bitter years a wider outlook upon life.

They who caused the manhood of almost the whole world to be flung down together upon the battlefields are largely responsible for the change. The folk who stayed at home making speeches, and writing newspaper articles, tried to persuade us that we plain men of Britain were far and away better than the plain men of Germany, and we so far believed them that we have hardly recovered yet.

For "half the duration" they assured us that the plain men of Russia were like ourselves, but in the other half they were dangerous "Bolshies." The plain men of France we swore to love as brothers, though now we are finding it difficult because they have grown so self-righteous and have taken their stand upon a theory that the plain men of Germany are for ever "Huns," a theory we have ourselves almost outgrown.

OUR quarrel with the "Peace" lies just there. We admit that we were not so wise in 1918 as we are to-day. We shouted a bit too much at the Armistice. We were assured for the moment that France and ourselves could never do wrong, and Germany could never do right.

But when they tell us to-day that there is great activity at Woolwich Arsenal, and we are left to guess who are the prospective customers for the peculiar products of that institution, we plain men would say respectfully to the New Parliament, "Beware!"

We are getting tired of being fooled. Our quarrel is shifting away from the ordinary fellows who are found in all countries, to the purblind men, also found in all countries, who are too apt to cover their ineptitudes with the bodies of such as ourselves.

WE may not be proficient in "high politics," but we are ahead of you in our knowledge of ordinary human nature. We acknowledge the nasty mess into which we have all blundered, but have made up our minds quite firmly that another war is not the way out.

We had our quarrel with Germany, and fought it out to a finish. We have come to see since that our real dispute was not with the plain men of Germany, but with the militaristic disease which infected them, and we perceive that other nations are not free from the same virus. We plain men of Britain "had it out" with the plain men of Germany, but we have no quarrel with their "kids."

We see quite clearly that it was at *them* you or your Parliamentary predecessors aimed the "Peace." We might have protested at the time more than we did, but it takes some time for the meaning of your politics to sink into our minds, and at least we protest now.

France is a little slower in the uptake than we have been, and no wonder,

The Rev. F. W. Norwood.

but she must come to see it in the end.

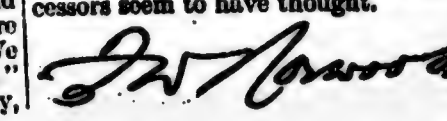
Meanwhile, we who fought with her do not want to quarrel with her, but we want you to isolate her by British common-sense.

The rest of the world is swinging that way. We would give France all the time that is possible, for we see it is hard for her, but she must come to it in the end. We have too many broken limbed men and ruined homes in our section to be eager for those "glittering prizes" for strong arm and keen sword of which we have heard.

We have not lost our nerve, but we have gained insight into high politics and are anxious to see them humanised a bit more.

THIS demand that England should go Protectionist seems to most of us the last melancholy witness that the war which was fought by plain men but not for them, has succeeded in effectively yarding them up into separate pens, barricaded with barbed wire.

We want politics conceived with the idea that they have much more in common than your predecessors seem to have thought.



Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To M. POINCARE,
Prime Minister of France.

MONSIEUR,—Our election must have opened your eyes to the fact that the British people are not represented by Lord Rothermere. Perhaps you will not take it amiss, therefore, if I draw your attention to what may appear a small matter. France owes Britain £612,000 000. She is making no effort to pay, but instead is actually lending money to Little Entente nations for the purchase of war material! In this matter Britain does not wish to play Shylock's part, but our one desire is to have peace, and we cannot see how it is to be attained if you fail to meet your obligations and prepare little countries for war. JOHN BULL.

To Judge Sir THOMAS GRANGER,
Southwark County Court.

SIR,—When Santa Claus makes his round this year, I feel sure he will be unable to pass your house without leaving a gift! Seven Southwark tenants who had orders of possession made against them, applied for an extension until after Christmas, and you, realising what it means to sit at your own hearth on the greatest of all days, promptly suspended the orders. It was in your power to make those people happy or otherwise, and you did the right thing. JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff LAING,
Aberdeen.

LEARNED SIR,—When Robert Dundas was before you on a charge of contravening the Criminal Law Amendment Act in respect of a servant girl under sixteen, you gave the beast the option of a fine—which he gleefully paid. What were the facts disclosed in Court that caused you to show this maternal consideration? Would it not have been more in keeping with human charity to have shown some consideration for the poor servant girl? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. BOWERS,
Bishop of Thetford.

MY LORD,—Your action and words at Norwich come like a breath of fresh air across the arid wastes of ecclesiastical narrow-mindedness. While some clerics are classing the theatre and other healthy amusements with the seven deadly sins, you take your stand alongside the stage, announce yourself as "a firm believer in recreation and amusement as part of a really healthy daily life," and proceeded to perform the opening ceremony of the new Regent Theatre. I like your style, Bishop. JOHN BULL.

To the LORD PROVOST,
Glasgow.

SIR,—The Glasgow Tramway Committee advise you and your colleagues to accept an American tender for ten thousand pounds worth of steel rails. I hope you will not take their advice. It is the money of the ratepayers you are spending, and if unemployment follows foreign purchases, the ratepayers must find the out-door relief. Help the ratepayers another way and help the unemployed as well. "God made Glasgow and Glasgow made the Clyde." Don't make your fellow-citizens blush for their city. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London.

SIR,—I am glad to observe your stern attitude towards the degraded polluters of Britain's youth, who seek to make money out of corruption by distributing pictures of indescribable obscenity through the post. In sentencing Alfred Frederick Tanner, a Lee draper, to nine months' imprisonment for engaging in this shameful traffic, you declared that the maximum penalty is inadequate for an offence of this character. I am with you in the matter, and share your hope that this sentence will act as a deterrent. JOHN BULL.

PROFITEER: "Put it there, Ma." MA: "Not—likely!"

To Councillor Mrs. ADA SALTER,
Mayor of Bermondsey.

MADAM,—In some things, at least, it is evident that woman can set man a very pretty example. The Bermondsey Council last year granted you a purse of £400 to meet your expenses, and of this sum you have now returned £220 as the unspent balance. I am not going to say that a man in the same position would not refund the money to the Council, but I have more than a suspicion that the man's expenditure would be just a trifle heavier. It is this honesty of people in office that I admire. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CLARENCE O'DONOGHUE,
Heavitree Road, Plumstead.

SIR,—A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of administering a well-earned castigation to you in connection with the case of a lady who died after you had wrongly diagnosed her complaint. I also commented severely on your putting the word "Doctor" on your plate and suggested that action should be taken. I am pleased that you have since been fined for falsely using the title of doctor. That will probably discourage the profession from ever admitting you into its ranks. I hope so. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. PETER C. LARKIN.
High Commissioner for Canada.

SIR,—Judge Maclean, of Canada, severely censured a Manitoban farmer named Ford, for harsh and cowardly treatment of an unhappy British boy immigrant who died from pneumonia, and in connection with whose death Ford was charged with manslaughter. He was found not guilty, the judge holding that there was no legal responsibility on him to provide medical attention and care. You will agree that this imposes a very great obligation on the Canadian authorities to see that British boys are placed in homes where they will get decent treatment. JOHN BULL.

To JOHN ALFRED MORRIS, Esq.
Helen Street, Cardiff.

DEAR JOHN,—When fire broke out in a neighbour's house, you rushed to the rescue and found a widow of eighty-four in flames. In your efforts to save her you were badly burnt yourself, and you lost your employment through being incapacitated by your injuries. Now you are unable to work, and you cannot even draw unemployment pay. I think it is shameful that incapacity caused by such gallantry should debar you from insurance benefit. But who were your employers? They should be proud to have such a man on their pay-roll. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. L. BROOKS,
Woodhall Spa.

REVEREND SIR,—It's always good to meet a cleric who hasn't allowed his religion to take the ramrod out of his backbone. So I'm out to "shake" with you. Although you are old enough to be now on the retired list, you dealt in a real man's fashion with an interrupter at a political meeting over which you presided. When this uncouth fellow dared you to put him out you left the platform, seized him by the seat of his pants, and deposited him on the doorstep. I subscribe to your Gospel of Muscular Christianity. JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Lewisham Board of Guardians.

SIR,—Your Board has got into ill-repute because of the secrecy with which it has so carefully shrouded its operations. Requiring a temporary Investigation Officer, it not only advertised that preference would be given to ex-police officers, but eventually selected a detective officer now receiving a good salary. If you imagine that there is no ex-service man in your district with the necessary intelligence for the job you are insulting those brave, but unfortunate, fellows. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THE FORTY THIEVES

The Gambler's Throw

WHEN Mr. Baldwin appealed to the country, he asked for a mandate on a very definite issue. He has got his answer. The people have refused to give their support to a programme that would have tended to increase the cost of living.

From the beginning we have steadily held to the opinion that neither Free Trade nor Protection was anything but a false issue in an unnecessary election. The decisive answer of the polls to those who sought to obscure the tragedy of unemployment in a fiscal fog has completely justified our attitude.

The people have thrust aside political nostrums and refused their confidence to those who have persistently ignored the real causes of unemployment.

In such an atmosphere it was inevitable that the Election should result in a stalemate. For in the face of the country's emphatic refusal to accept his programme, Mr. Baldwin has no moral justification for again assuming the reins of Government. He made his gambler's throw and he has lost.

Clearly neither Liberal nor Labour find themselves in better case. The Election has been a waste of time. If the whole business has not to be repeated in a few months, a Liberal-Labour Coalition is the only plan, with a consequent split in both parties. The fiasco is complete.

A Worn-out Machine

OUR electoral system is out of date. Elections have become merely a gamble in which any party may secure a majority of seats on an actual minority of the votes recorded.

In three-cornered contests it is a common thing for the successful candidate to represent a minority of his constituents, the combined total of his opponents' votes far outnumbering his own. The logical results of such an unfair electoral system are coalitions, universal distrust, and legislation in direct opposition to the will of the majority of the people.

The new Parliament must see that when the next election comes, Proportional Representation is the law of the land. Under such a system of voting the minority member and the minority Government would be impossible.

Under such a system only legislation that had the approval of a majority of the people would be brought into being.

For the first time in its history Parliament would become the real mouthpiece of the nation and the real representative of its will.

A Conspiracy of Robbery.

WHEN will the curtain be finally rung down on the Profiteers? To-day, as in the years of the war, the poor consumer is being bled white to make a robbers' holiday. Can Parliament not stop our modern Dick Turpins?

THE war added many new words to the English language. One of them was "war-profiteer." It was a polite way of describing the man who took advantage of his country's necessity to rob his fellow citizens right and left, and extract extortionate profits from their daily bread. If these robbers of the breakfast-table had disappeared with the Armistice, as Parliament and the Government have complacently assumed was the case, many a cheerless hearth this Christmas would have been bright.

But they did not go. Secure in the apathy of the authorities they banded themselves together into trusts and combinations. They laughed at the ridiculous Profiteering Act four years ago. They are laughing to-day, despite the appalling revelations of the Linlithgow Committee, because they know that this record of their greed and rapacity will eventually fill a dusty pigeon-hole in Whitehall and be forgotten.

If anyone doubts that the profiteer is still pursuing his destructive trade, let him look at the so-called "Index" figures supplied by the Ministry of Labour. In July, 1921, the cost of living was said to be 165 points above the level of 1914. By September of this year it was alleged to have dropped from 165 points to 56. Yet prices are much what they were two or three years ago, in spite of the official assertion that we are all living at half the cost.

WHOLESALE prices have tumbled until farmers say that it does not pay them to produce at all. Whole catches of fish are thrown back into the sea because they cannot be sold at a price that pays for the labour of catching them. Yet in the shops a cabbage costs eightpence, a cauliflower costs tenpence, bread is fourpence the two-pound loaf, and if a herring ever reaches the fishmonger's slab it costs anything from threepence upwards.

Australian beef can be put into the market at Smithfield at fivepence a pound, while shippers moan that freights have dropped so low as to make the business of transport an unprofitable one. Yet by the time the beef reaches the shops the price has risen to one and sixpence a pound. Eggs, butter, cheese, bacon—it is the same tale with them all. There is a calculated system of robbery by the middleman. Pockets are being lined all the way with excessive profits and extortionate charges. There is ample evidence to show that the rampant greed that is responsible for keeping retail prices above their legitimate level is carefully organised.

WE demand that the disclosures of the Linlithgow Committee shall not be consigned to the dusty tomb of Whitehall. We demand that Parliament shall awaken to its responsibilities in this matter. We demand that the promised legislation to deal with Trusts and Combines shall be forthcoming and be made effective.

For the matter goes beyond food. The nation's housing is at the mercy of the building rings, who cynically force up the price of materials while the army of homeless grows steadily before their uncaring eyes. In every direction the people are helpless in the grip of the Trusts.

The Linlithgow Committee's specific recommendations should be embodied in an Act of Parliament without delay.

Unless Parliament puts an immediate check to the activities of these despoilers of the people's larders, they will have betrayed the trust that returned them to power.

Political Buffoonery

AT the beginning of the Election we warned our readers that the Lord of the Press Trust was plotting to dethrone Mr. Baldwin and instal Mr. Lloyd George in his place.

It was unfortunate for Lord Rothermere that Mr. Lloyd George blew the plot to atoms by his open declaration for Free Trade.

The prospect of a Tory paper openly backing a Liberal Leader against a Conservative Prime Minister proved too much, and for the moment the idea had to be dropped.

As the Election ran its course, however, our warning was amply justified by events. Mr. Baldwin, refusing to be at the beck and call of the Press Dictator, was marked down for destruction.

Wherefore one of the Press Gang states that Free Trade is to have another chance. The *Daily Mail* urges everyone to vote against food taxes. It waxes bolder, and openly urges its readers to vote Liberal.

Lord Rothermere orders the record to be changed, and the *Daily Mail* is at pains to explain that what it really meant was "vote for Protection."

A twist of the handle and the *Daily Mail* is quite sure that what it meant all along was "vote Conservative."

What is the plain man to think of tactics like these? Lord Rothermere is entitled to what comfort he can find in the thought that he has plumbed the depths of journalistic and political dishonesty.

Smug-faced Censors

THE proposal to expel an unmarried woman from an Approved Society if she is about to become a mother, raises an issue of considerable importance, particularly in view of the fact that the Insurance Act specifically lays it down that in such cases the Societies are forbidden to deprive a woman of benefit.

Insurance and Benefit Societies need a sharp reminder that the officials are the servants of the members and not their masters. They are paid handsome salaries to do their job, and their job is to administer the Insurance Act for the members' benefit.

People who pay for benefits are entitled to receive them, and beyond that simple fact the officials have no authority to go.

Certainly they have no right to pose as censors of the morals of their members. Such things are no concern of the officials of Approved Societies, who thus arrogate to themselves a function that primarily belongs to the Church.

It is puritanical tyranny of a particularly obnoxious brand.

Something to Shout About

by A. G. GARDINER

THE gloomy Winter of British trade is passing, and already there are signs that the Spring of a new era of prosperity is dawning. Our worst years are behind us. That is the encouraging message of our contributor, who discusses the possibilities of a boom in 1924.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, who may play an important part in the recovery of British trade in 1924

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a plaintive appeal to write something cheerful about the future. "The newspapers," he says, "are filled with unemployment and gloom. Is there nothing in the country, no sign that would warrant a touch of optimism? Will not 1924 be the Boom Year for Great Britain?"

I am not able to answer the latter question, and I don't propose to attempt to answer it. I am neither a professional pessimist nor a professional optimist. I think that during the recent election there has been an infinite deal of misleading nonsense talked on the condition of the country. One might have supposed, if one hadn't known better, that business was at its last gasp and that we were the most insolvent country in Europe.

The fact, of course, is that in spite of all our distresses we are as a nation beyond all comparison the most prosperous, the most wealthy, and the most stable country in Europe. We are paying our way out of revenue, and no other great country in Europe is doing that. We are doing by far the greatest export trade in the world. Our standard of living is higher than that of any other country except America. There is great depression in trade and still much unemployment, but there is nothing in the outlook to fill us with panic, nothing that cannot be put right speedily if the right tonic is applied.

BUT for the election we should have been sunning ourselves during the past few weeks in the fact that the Board of Trade returns for October showed the most decisive symptoms of trade recovery for two or three years. That recovery is already reflected in the unemployment figures. They showed a decline of 16,000 last week. That is not much, you will say, but it points in the right direction, and remember that everyone predicted that unemployment this winter would be more severe than last. It is not. It is less severe, and it is progressively less severe. Even in the industries which have suffered most, there are intimations that are satisfactory, hints that though winter is still here, spring may not be far off. There has been more inquiry in the cotton trade, new stirrings of life in the shipping trade, the export coal trade has had a substantial recovery from the worst, and so on.

I DO not want to put the significance of these things too high. But they are there, and I don't see any reason why we should not rejoice in them.

I saw the other day reports collected by the *Industrial Daily News* of the new factories, works and mills the erection of which in the new year is contemplated. It is certainly a remarkable list—works at Crewe, where a firm of steel merchants are proposing to cover 160 acres with new buildings and a housing scheme, a factory at Shrewsbury for the manufacture of safes and strong rooms, works for the production of reinforcement steel at Stafford, an extensive factory in Cleveland for explosives for use in the coalfields, engineering works at Cheadle, new textile mills at Dewsbury, Wakefield, Leek, Preston, Oldham and Bolton (three mills at Bolton alone), ore-smelting works on the Tees, works in Scotland for the refining of refractory ores, a yeast factory and soap works at Nottingham, bolt and nut works at Darlaston, engineering works at Doncaster, petroleum depot at Southampton, beet-sugar factories at Kidderminster and Littleport, paper works at Purfleet and Northfleet on the Thames, and so on.

Not a bad list for a decrepit country, is it? I have known London intimately for fifty years, but I don't recall anything approaching the astounding amount of rebuilding that is now going on in our great thoroughfares. The old Regent Street is melting away like snows in May. Soon there will not be a fragment of Nash's great work left.

IN place of the old stucco buildings, with their columns and porticoes and recesses, great palaces of stone are rising as if by an enchanter's wand. Oxford Street, the Strand, the streets in the City, are all sharing in this new birth. At the present rate we shall have a new London in ten years. All this shows that behind all the disquiets of this time there is a tremendous confidence in the future. People like Selfridge's do not spend a million or two on extensions of premises in absent-minded amusement. They spend it because they know that business instead of shrinking is growing.

I do not want to suggest that all is beautiful in the garden. It isn't. There are plenty of bare patches and derelict spots. But I do not believe, and have never believed, that our sun has set and that nothing is left for us but to export our surplus population to desert lands. I am confident that on one condition the rapid recovery of this country is certain.

THAT condition has nothing to do with putting taxes on imports, but with taking shackles off trade. Get Europe settled, get peace conditions established on the Continent, get the currents of trade flowing again in their old channels, and we shall see a revival of industrial and commercial activity in this country such as this generation has not witnessed. There is a famine raging in the world—a famine of manufactures of all sorts—machinery, rails, clothes, utensils, steam ploughs, looms, engines, household goods, furniture, and a thousand other commodities. Restore confidence, restore the means of exchange, and that famine can be satisfied. And in satisfying it this country will have a share that will wipe out unemployment as easily as the sun wipes out the morning mist.

I see that since I last wrote on Russia, the first consignment of grain from that country has arrived in this country. It is a happy omen. One swallow does not make a summer, but it tells us that summer is on the way. The ship that brought the grain to us will take back our manufactures to pay for that grain. Let us get the shuttle of world-trade in motion and our anxieties will vanish. If M. Poincaré could be brought to reason, business in this country would hum like a spinning top. I cannot say whether next year will be the "long-delayed Boom Year," but I can say confidently that the day that we are friends again in Europe the Boom Year, not for us only, but for all, will set in.

The Rec

by A GEN

BEHIND the pretty sword tributor, there is forming determined to seize every op brutal methods. This is th

ON the whole, the speeches delivered the General Election were good-tem reasonable and honest. But row assumed an ugly character up and the country.

A woman candidate was kicked in th Other candidates were spat upon. Flags g ing Moscow were displayed at meetings. the Rebels" was sung to drown the voi opponents. Mobs surged round motor-cars, ing the glass windows with sticks and Again and again Lenin was acclaimed apostle of humanity by yelling gangs.

I wonder how much of this political row may be attributed to the "rags" of n students and university undergraduates. Pri young men who are supposed to be studen who are on their way to take a serious p the life of humanity, behave like a tribe of d Zulus, and people smile upon them, ch reporters describe their antics in the news and most of us are disposed to dismiss th as a case of "youth must have its

BUT to subject a distinguished man to th of catcalls and college yells, or to indu free fight in the public streets, is a bad exa people who take their politics seriously. If shout down and mob a famous person w done me the honour of coming at my inv to address me on some philosophical ques life, my cold and hungry neighbour may incited to shout down and mob a man his opinion, has come into his poverty-s neighbourhood to prevent him getting coal fireplace and bread for his cupboard.

In both forms of hooliganism, the play the serious, there is one noticeable featu

"The lover should still survive in the husband, the sweetheart in the wife."

The Man who Kissed His W

A. M. Thompson ('Daggie') the well-known writer on labour topics.

A GIRL of twenty-four poisoned herself at Ilford the other day because her husband had "complained that the peas were burned." The husband, who "was in tears when he gave evidence," said they had been married three years, and that there is a baby.

After reading the report of the inquest, one shrugs one's shoulders and marvels: "How could she have been so foolish?" Then one notices the Coroner's curious comment that "the tragedy would be a lesson to people to curb their tongues and not to say things for which they would be sorry afterwards." On the grimly terse prose of the newspaper story this comment seems harsh and inept. But one haply reflects that in the tumult of the recent electoral windstorm editors may have been compelled to cut down reports of the little things that don't matter; and that in the three years' conjugal adventure of that desperate wife and her tearful husband there may have been details which did not reach the newspaper reader's eye.

I wonder. For I have known cases where the breaking of a woman's heart because, alas, "the peas were burned" implied lessons affecting the lives of common men and women even more intimately than the heroic rivalries of Sir Midas Hocuss, Mr. Jeremiah Pocuss, and Comrade Locuss for the privilege of sacrificing themselves to the limelight of our national circus of tongue-fencing. Those little things are very often the things that make human happiness and misery.

In my long life I have had experience of many Parliaments and of many homes; and I have reached the very positive conclusion that the politics which really matter are not those discussed at Westminster, but those which centre round the domestic hearthstone. The share which the plain citizen can with most advantage contribute to the well-being of the Common lies in the building of his or her own cha and in the management of that trem business—the making of happiness at hom

How much do you know—what precis you know—about Mesopotamia or Sin about the secret designs of French or Governments, or even about the intrica fluctuating expediencies of free trade or pr in this or that particular industry? But the whether "the peas are burned," and wh be done about it—that is business which can settle so well as the woman who cook and the man who eats them, and the righ ment of that business is as important to t government of the Empire as is your vot

The wrong settlement brought one poo Ilford to an awful death, her husband to un tears, her little baby to bereavement of a care. In how many other cases does it lead as wretchedly wasted as if suicide had ende

If a wife is inefficient in her domestic d either of the partners in a conjugal

About

nd already there are ity is dawning. Our message of our con- boom in 1924.

ve never believed, that our sun at nothing is left for us but to plus population to desert lands. that on one condition the rapid country is certain.

ition has nothing to do with putting imports, but with taking shackles Europe settled, get peace conditions he Continent, get the currents of in in their old channels, and we shall industrial and commercial activity such as this generation has not wit- is a famine raging in the world—a ufactures of all sorts—machinery, ensils, steam ploughs, looms, engines, ds, furniture, and a thousand ities. Restore confidence, restore xchange, and that famine can be in satisfying it this country will that will wipe out unemployment the sun wipes out the morning

since I last wrote on Russia, the ent of grain from that country this country. It is a happy omen. loes not make a summer, but it ummer is on the way. The ship he grain to us will take back our o pay for that grain. Let us get world-trade in motion and our anish. If M. Poincaré could be son, business in this country would ming top. I cannot say whether e the "long-delayed Boom Year," confidently that the day that we ain in Europe the Boom Year, , but for all, will set in.

The Red Rag of the Rich

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

BEHIND the pretty sword-play of the political duellists, says our contributor, there is forming an ugly mob of desperate men who are determined to seize every opportunity to get their way by violent and brutal methods. This is the chief warning of the General Election.

ON the whole, the speeches delivered during the General Election were good-tempered, reasonable and honest. But rowdyism assumed an ugly character up and down the country.

A woman candidate was kicked in the leg. Other candidates were spat upon. Flags glorifying Moscow were displayed at meetings. "Up, the Rebels" was sung to drown the voices of opponents. Mobs surged round motor-cars, smashing the glass windows with sticks and stones. Again and again Lenin was acclaimed as the apostle of humanity by yelling gangs.

I wonder how much of this political rowdyism may be attributed to the "rags" of medical students and university undergraduates. Privileged young men who are supposed to be students, and who are on their way to take a serious place in the life of humanity, behave like a tribe of drunken Zulus, and people smile upon them, chuckling reporters describe their antics in the newspapers, and most of us are disposed to dismiss the orgy as a case of "youth must have its fling."

BUT to subject a distinguished man to the insult of catcalls and college yells, or to indulge in a free fight in the public streets, is a bad example to people who take their politics seriously. If I may shout down and mob a famous person who has done me the honour of coming at my invitation to address me on some philosophical question of life, my cold and hungry neighbour may well be incited to shout down and mob a man who, in his opinion, has come into his poverty-stricken neighbourhood to prevent him getting coal for his fireplace and bread for his cupboard.

In both forms of hooliganism, the playful and the serious, there is one noticeable feature, the feature of cowardice. Those undergraduates who yell and shout, and march in organised bodies through the streets, are only defiant of decency and order because they are in a mob. Individually, they would not dare to say "Boo" to a policeman. But, lost in a crowd, surrounded by hundreds of others, they become aware of a strange intoxication—the intoxication of unusual courage—and they are ready to defy authority and to insult every form of modesty.

SUCH is the peril of all mobs. They are composed of individual cowards who become suddenly intoxicated by bravery in contact with others, and they commit horrible crimes almost in a state of unconsciousness. *No one is so cruel as a coward, and every mob is the opportunity of the coward.* It is time the public authority concerned itself more seriously with the observance of good order, for if this spirit of rowdyism continues to grow, we may come in sight of a day when free speech will be impossible, and when in some unexpected crisis a brutal minority may establish itself as the governing power.

There is another way in which this spirit of rowdyism is fostered by people who ought to set a very different example to the nation. Great numbers of rich people make a public display of their wealth and luxury which, while it rather grieves or amuses the educated, infuriates the hungry and the unemployed. This public ostentation on the part of many of the rich convinces thousands of desperate people that the other classes do not care tuppence whether they sink or swim. In the hurly-burly of these noisy and truculent sensualists the self-sacrificing devotion of the Royal Family and many of the old families is almost entirely lost. The wretched see only the noisy. They feel that they are treated with contempt, that their sufferings are known and ignored, that they are regarded with dislike and disdain. Or they feel that materialism is right, that these noisy rich people are behaving naturally and logically, that life *is* a fight for a good time, and that a good time consists in plenty to eat and drink, and fine clothes to wear.

Mr. H. Hogbin, Liberal Member for North Battersea, who suffered from the rowdyism mentioned in this article.

It comes to this: If there is a hideous spirit of brutality gaining power in the lower ranks of democracy, it is chiefly owing to the absence of anything splendid and ennobling in the lives of the more fortunate classes. Let the unemployed wild Irishman in a Glasgow slum raise his eyes from the sordid wretchedness which surrounds and maddens him, and what does he see? Is there anything in our national life which can help him? Is not the summit only a glorified pig-sty and the leaders of fashion people as openly selfish, hard and brutal as himself?

THIS absence of anything in the nature of spiritual earnestness at the summit of Britain's national existence is a menace to our peaceful political evolution. The examples set by the rich who have forced their way to that summit are evil examples, the worst possible examples to be set to a nation which is just now hungry and cold, and has not altogether forgotten its Puritan traditions. What we need at the conspicuous summit of our national life is something to which an intelligent person can look up, without any sickness of disgust and with a definite feeling of reverence and satisfaction. We need very badly a powerful and active aristocracy of virtue and culture.

Whatever other result may come from the General Election, its chief work, I feel, has been already done in the warning it has conveyed to all who love their country that behind the pretty sword-play of the political duellists there is forming an ugly mob of desperate men who are determined to seize every opportunity to get their way by violent and brutal methods. At the present moment that mob is not of threatening dimensions. It is controllable. If occasion demanded, it could no doubt be easily beaten back to its dog-hole in our shameful slums. But every hard winter increases its numbers and intensifies its bitter anger. Moreover, employment, good wages and decent houses would not change its mind so long as the spirit of the nation is so obviously selfish.

THE way to deal with the mob, then, is to change the spirit of our national life. We must be more frankly and courageously on the side of virtue. We must be more earnestly concerned with education, more serious in our attention to the teaching of philosophers and men of science, more careful in obeying the stern commandments of religion. It is our duty to raise the standards of our national life and to lift democracy.

In other words, one way to get rid of the mob at the bottom is to get rid of the mob at the top. The pig-sty at the bottom is the reflection of the pig-sty at the top.

Man who Kissed His Wife

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

may have been compelled to cut the little things that don't matter; e three years' conjugal adventure ate wife and her tearful husband e been details which did not reach reader's eye.

For I have known cases where the woman's heart because, alas, "the ned" implied lessons affecting the on men and women even more in- the heroic rivalries of Sir Midas Jeremiah Pocuss, and Comrade privilege of sacrificing themselves t of our national circus of tongue- e little things are very often the ke human happiness and misery. life I have had experience of many nd of many homes; and I have very positive conclusion that the really matter are not those dis- tminster, but those which centre omestic hearthstone. The share n citizen can with most advantage contribute to the well-being of the Commonwealth lies in the building of his or her own character, and in the management of that tremendous business—the making of happiness at home.

How much do you know—what precisely can you know—about Mesopotamia or Singapore, about the secret designs of French or German Governments, or even about the intricate and fluctuating expediencies of free trade or protection in this or that particular industry? But the question whether "the peas are burned," and what is to be done about it—that is business which no one can settle so well as the woman who cooks them and the man who eats them, and the right settlement of that business is as important to the good government of the Empire as is your vote.

The wrong settlement brought one poor girl at Ilford to an awful death, her husband to unavailing tears, her little baby to bereavement of a mother's care. In how many other cases does it lead to lives as wretchedly wasted as if suicide had ended them?

If a wife is inefficient in her domestic duties, if either of the partners in a conjugal venture habitually neglects the duty of ministering to the other's content, they are bad citizens, for the good government of the individual character and the individual home is the essential basis of good collective government. My present text is the Ilford coroner's brief summary of the second; and I would supplement his curt comment with the dictum that avoidance of harshness in discourse is not enough for the full attainment of matrimonial success; it is not only needful to shut eyes or curb the tongue to occasions of censure, but constantly to seek for occasions of praise.

The lover should still survive in the husband, the sweetheart in the wife. A compliment to the wife on her good looks, an occasional word of appreciation to the husband for his work, are as needful as daily bread. And the man who kisses his wife every day will come as near to heaven as he is ever likely to.

An alert interest in the government of the country is a good thing. A constant zeal in the government of the home is a better.

Society's Secret Séance

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY (*Author of "An Amazing Séance," etc.*)

FROM eerie séances to mysterious spirit photographs is only a step in the study of Spiritualism. Our contributor deals frankly with the whole subject this week, and "John Bull" makes a sensational offer. For the production of a genuine spirit photograph, taken under ordinary test conditions, we will pay One Hundred Pounds.

Mr. Sydney Moseley

MAYFAIR has got the craze for Spiritualism very badly. In the very heart of the Smart Set domain a series of remarkable experiments in photographing the dead has been held. So secretly were the séances conducted that nobody — not even those who are usually most intimate with these affairs—has known about it. Not a word has appeared in the Spiritualistic press. By an act of courtesy on the part of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle I was able to be present within the last few days at one of these very interesting gatherings.

Sir Arthur, Lord X. and I were the only men present. The rest of the company was composed of leading Society ladies. For nearly two hours we dabbled in spirit photography, and I witnessed what was either the most daring fraud ever perpetrated, or the most extraordinary psychic result.

The man who photographed the spirits is a youngish-looking man of Society, a distinct contrast to the other spiritualist photographer, Mr. Hope, of whom more anon. He is a man of culture and education, and conducted the proceedings in quiet, competent matter-of-fact tones.

Before the séance opened, Professor B. (as I shall call him) extracted a promise from me that I would not reveal his identity.

* * *

Professor B.'s system of photographing the spirits is, briefly, as follows: A new packet of plates is bought by the sceptic at any photographer's. It is taken to the studio, placed on the table, around which the company sits for about ten minutes, then placed in the camera and exposed. Professor B., under supervision, develops them.

The results are certainly astounding. The first few plates offered no satisfactory results. Then one showed a bright luminous patch. After this, complete spirit "extras" simply poured in. One was recognised by the Professor as his grandmother, another was recognised by a few of the company as the Austrian Empress Elizabeth, who met her death at the hands of political maniacs.

The effect produced by this picture, however, was spoilt by two different ladies present each recognising it as her own particular relative.

Certain other results, claimed to open a new era in spirit photography, were too technical to be dealt with here. At the end of the proceedings Sir Arthur paid a whole-hearted tribute to the Professor, declaring that the results were the finest he had ever seen.

He told us of a very remarkable séance he had held with that spiritualist darling, William Hope, of Crewe, how he himself had procured the plates, had written his signature on them, developed them in a fairly well-lighted "dark room," how Mr. Hope had never touched the plates at all, and how a wonderful spirit photograph had resulted.

* * *

Now it so happens that I had the opportunity of sitting with this very man, at a séance which Miss Estelle Stead had been kind enough to arrange for me at the famous Julia's bureau. Mr. Hope knew well enough that it was a test séance, that I was out to broadcast the truth if I found it, and that it was due to him to give me every facility.

To do Miss Stead and Miss Scatcherd—another leading spiritualist—justice, they fully concurred with my conditions. The photograph was taken, we repaired to a dark room, which, far from being well-illumined, was so pitch black that I could hardly see the plate—and lo! a spirit photograph appeared. We ran upstairs to tell the others the good news, and then it was that I courteously asked Mr. Hope if he would "just formally" permit me to search him.

"You understand my position, Mr. Hope," I explained. "I have to make a report of this séance and I want to leave no loophole." Incidentally, let me add, I had noticed a bulge in Mr. Hope's left-hand-outside pocket, which in my critical frame of mind suggested a possible box of substituted plates—or a substituted slide and plate. Therefore, before Mr. Hope could reply, I touched the bulge.

He flared up at me. He wasn't going to submit to a search. It was undignified. It was unheard of. I replied as gently as I could that since a definite result had been produced, there could be no possible harm in a superficial search. Miss Stead and Miss Scatcherd supported me, but Mr. Hope ran downstairs to "wash his hands" and when he came back said he was quite prepared for me to search him. But I wasn't having any. *The bulge had disappeared.*

* * *

I remembered all this after Professor B. paid his tribute to Mr. Hope. So I said to him that since spirit photography could easily be subjected to a real scientific test, would he permit me to bring a scientist at the next séance? I mentioned that I had received several offers from well-known men who were prepared to join a committee of investigation.

Professor B. replied that the spirit guide had promised such a test at some future time, but that at the moment the séances were interrupted. So that here again we must possess ourselves in patience!

* * *

In the meantime I must place on record the result of another "séance" I attended. This was in the nature of a challenge by the sceptics. Spirit photographs are faked, they said; come and we shall produce a genuine faked photograph of the ghost of Julius Cæsar. So I sat, and the photographer, *with the aid of a chemist and a conjurer*, produced, under "test" conditions, a photograph of myself with the ghostly figure of Julius Cæsar peering over my left shoulder!

Many confirmed spiritualists are not convinced of the power to photograph the dead. Surely here is a definite branch of physical science which can be proved or disproved once and for all. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, at our meeting a few days ago, again asserted that photographs of fairies were taken by two children. "I just state the fact," he said, "but I do not explain it."

That is just the point. Spirit photography must not only be explained, but proved. Mr. Clive Maskelyne, in a letter to me, claims to be able to produce "so-called spirit photographs under the conditions which prevail at supposed genuine séances, but he challenges any medium to produce a spirit "extra" when working under the conditions to which he had to submit; while Major J. Hall Edwards, F.R.S. Edin., Hon. F.R.P.S., declares that in all the descriptions given of spirit photograph séances, "the conditions have been so lax that substitution of plates was possible."

* * *

He offers to send me some plates, "so done up that they cannot be interfered with" without detection. Should a psychic photograph appear (other than one produced by X-rays or radius) these sceptics will freely and publicly admit it. Very well. We will make this a definite challenge.

JOHN BULL will give £100 for the production of a genuine spirit photograph under ordinary test conditions. In order to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of spiritualists, the sum of money would be given to any spiritualist institution.

On my part I promise a fair and sympathetic dealing with those spiritualists who accept the challenge.

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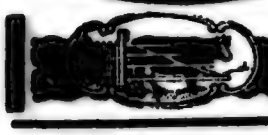

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Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Penalty for Bigamy

"A GREAT friend of mine married sixteen years ago. For six months she was very happy. Then she discovered accidentally that her husband was already married. His explanation was that he had every reason to believe his first wife was dead. My friend's father and mother were furious, and wanted to prosecute, but the daughter would not, and so, on her promising them that she would have nothing more to do with the man, he went free. She then discovered she would become a mother, and not wishing to cause any further pain to her family, went away and concealed the fact from all.

"Later on her mother died and she then took her baby boy home and said he was a nurse child she had adopted. Now the father of the child comes forward, really free, and offers to make my friend once more a home. All these years she has supported herself and child.

"What is she to do? Take the man as a stranger, or tell her boy the truth? She values the boy's opinion, and she also would like him to be on good terms with his father, but dreads giving him such a shock, and wonders what to do for the best."

"Humanist" says:—*Obviously your friend should marry the father of her child. Her refusal to prosecute him suggests that she believes he really thought his first wife dead at the time of the bigamous marriage. The boy need not be told for the present. When he is older and can understand better his father, then (I hope) his best friend, can tell him.*

The Friendly Employer.

"FOR some time now I have worked for a man—married—but, I believe, unhappily. I know that he is interested in me, for he has taught me to appreciate good writers and their works, through which I have been able to assist him more and more in his writings.

"He has now come to look upon me as indispensable, and indeed I like my work and have no desire to change. I feel, however, that he regards me in a different light from what he did when he engaged me as his Secretary.

"If I resign my post—which is well-paid—he will want a reason. That, of course, I cannot give, for after all it may be only my fancy. Must I lengthen the ranks of the unemployed, thinking thereby that I shall keep him true? Must I lose his friendship—which I deeply appreciate—and which has improved me in many ways?

"No doubt, 'Humanist,' you will understand me when I say he is a perfect gentleman. This means a lot to girls who have to earn their own living. If I leave I may never obtain the same kind of work again; I may have to accept a post in which a girl is regarded as a necessary adjunct to her typewriter, a thing with no initiative.

"'Humanist,' must I relinquish all, hoping that I am doing my duty, just for the sake of the woman who, in any case, will be of no help to him in his work?"

"Humanist" says:—*You seem to be counting the chickens of difficulty before they are hatched. Your idea of keeping your employer true, on grounds that may be only fancy, is chivalrous and premature. Some young women think that if their employer is friendly and courteous he is consumed with burning pangs of hopeless and concealed love. Women like that make mixed employment something of a trial.*

Burdened with Wealth

"BY some people, I suppose, I would be strongly condemned as a profiteer of war days, but that I have some excuse for my misdeed my letter will show. I had an iron foundry during the war, and the heavy demand for munitions made my business thrive; profits rushed in upon us, and for a time prosperity was my constant companion. Then came distress. Our three boys, varying in age from 18 to 22 years, joined the Colours, and while on a visit to London my wife was killed in an air raid.

"This turn of the tide from joy to sorrow seemed to turn my head. I became a miser, greedy after every atom of profit—but yet greedy, not for myself, but for my sons, suffering and bleeding at the front. First one, then a second, made the great sacrifice, and as these misfortunes multiplied I became more and more determined to hoard my earnings for the one I had left.

"The taxes on profits in those days were, it will be remembered, particularly heavy, and in my money madness I determined to cheat the realm of its toll on my surpluses. I hid, as my income grew, some thousands of pounds.

"I have the money still. The fear of discovery, instilled by the heavy imprisonment of others for similar crimes, has compelled me to leave it untouched.

"As my third son was also killed, my mad war aims and all my ambitions were in vain. I am a prematurely old man, burdened with this sinful hoard of money which I dare rarely leave for fear of discovery. To put things right at any cost is my one desire."

"Humanist" says:—*Send the money anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Help the country your boys thought worthy of dying for. Honour the dead and help the living.*

A German Mother

"MY father was an Englishman, my mother a member of a German family of Dantzic. They met in the late 'eighties at a time when the relations of the two countries were entirely friendly and when my father visited German branches of the firm he controlled.

"I was brought up in England, and later when my parents took up a new home in Germany I was left in the care of my paternal aunt. Two other sons were born to the marriage after their change of country, but these brothers of mine never quitted the Fatherland.

"My father died in 1913, leaving to his wife the whole of his considerable wealth. When war came I joined the British Army.

"My mother is now back in England, but she and I are completely estranged. Her two younger sons took up the cause of the country of their birth, and so it came about that we fought on different sides. To her great grief both brothers were killed at Loos.

"It comes about, therefore, that my mother looks upon me as a traitor, and since I was in the line at Loos she even deems me a murderer of those I should have loved. Whenever I have seen her she has refused to listen to my explanations, and has informed me that I may expect nothing upon the occasion of her death, for she is willing all to her sister in Dantzic."

"Humanist" says:—*Yours is a very hard case. But with the fall of the value of the German mark your father's property must have largely disappeared. You have the comfort of knowing that your sacrifice was made for your country; and I pay you the compliment of thinking that you would not have it otherwise.*

The Heartless Parent.

"MY little girl has lost her eye, struck out by another little girl at play. My husband is out of work. I have struggled on, and my girl is now all right; but she has to have an artificial eye, and a new one every year.

"I have asked the mother of the other girl to help me. Surely I am entitled to that, though by law I am told I cannot make her responsible for the action of her child.

"But now this girl's mother has turned against me, and is trying to get her uncle, who is my landlord, to turn me out of my house. Do you think that is the right way to treat a poor mother, stricken to the heart at the affliction of her child?"

"Humanist" says:—*I certainly think it is not. It is a hard case, but I do not think a British magistrate, if the circumstances are explained, will make an ejectment order. I cannot understand such callous indifference to misfortune, and I tender you my sincere sympathy.*

Husband Abroad.

"My husband went to America for a holiday. He now refuses to come back, but offers me a home there. He is out of work, but very clever, and will certainly get on. Must I go?"

A wife's place is by her husband's side. You do not say that he is a bad husband, and have obvious confidence in his ability.

Wicked Week-ends.

"I am a chauffeur. My employer visits a woman in another town for week-ends and I, of course, drive the car. I feel very sorry for my employer's wife, the kindest of ladies. Should I tell her?"

How do you know that she would be any happier if she knew? In any case, you are a chauffeur, not a private detective.

Breach of Promise.

"I am engaged but have fallen in love with another girl, who is also in love with me. My fiancée swears she will sue me for breach of promise if I don't marry her. What am I to do?"

It is one of the sad facts of life that we all have to pay for our mistakes. Better to pay than to be tied for life to the wrong girl.

The Girl in Trouble.

"I have got a girl into trouble and am willing to marry her. She refuses, declaring she will have an illegal operation performed. What can I do?"

You can't marry her by force, but you can tell her parents. Your united efforts should suffice to prevent her from taking this mad, dangerous and criminal step.

Unfair Treatment.

"I have been turned off my work, owing to a Council's shortage of money. Three months ago I recommended a friend. He is being retained. Ought I to complain?"

No, but you are entitled to ask why the newcomers are retained and the old hands dismissed. Perhaps your dismissal was in ignorance of the facts.

The Bigamist.

"I have been happily married, as I thought, for five years, and have a little son whom I adore. My 'husband' has now admitted to me that he has a wife and two children in South America. He implores me not to leave him."

Although his treatment of you has been too vile for description, there may be some excuse. If there is sincere mutual regard, your decision should rest upon his willingness to clear himself in the eyes of the law and to do the right thing by you.

The Vicar's Lapse.

"I am a curate, and I have found out that my vicar, who is a celibate, is visiting a notorious woman in the district. People are beginning to talk. Ought I to report the matter to the Bishop?"

Your mission in life is to save souls, not to destroy them. Speak to your vicar. Perhaps he will reform. If he will not, put a suppositious case to your Bishop and ask him for spiritual advice.

The Doctor's Dilemma.

"I have, after thirty years' successful medical practice, come to the conclusion that curing by drugs is nearly all wrong. If I say so publicly, the profession will turn against me. Does that justify me in keeping silence?"

After thirty years of medical practice you can surely retire and devote yourself to a crusade in which you honestly believe. Carry on the controversy intelligently and honestly and you have nothing to fear.

A Broken Brother.

"My brother, suffering from shell-shock, has just come out of an asylum and the doctor says nothing but a change will do him any good. My wife's mother has asked us all to go and live with her on her farm. She is always nagging and quarrelling, and neither my wife nor I want to give up our house and our work to live with her. Should we do so for the sake of my brother, who needs my steadying influence?"

No. Your wife should come before your brother. Why not get your mother-in-law to have him on her farm.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Milk Round

by HARRISON OWEN

THAT he did steal, take and carry away one penny, the property of Susan Bloggs, aged 2½ years, of Shoreditch, was the charge against J. H. Maggs who pleaded "Not guilty."

"Maggs," explained Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the prosecution, "is accused not as a private citizen, but as Chairman of the United Dairies, Ltd., while Susan Bloggs has been selected at random from some hundreds of thousands of infants who have been victims of this octopus. The penny which Maggs is charged with having stolen is merely a nominal sum, for it will be shown that over a long period many thousands of pounds have been filched from milk consumers. The theft was perpetrated on December 2, when 1d. a quart was added to the price of milk.

"This," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is but the latest of a long series of outrages perpetrated upon the public by the milk monopolists. As far back as April last the Linlithgow Committee definitely expressed the opinion that the farmers were being paid too little for milk and the consumers were being charged too much. Even at 7d. a quart, milk was costing the consumer 75 per cent. more than it did before the war; yet the Trust has made a further demand upon householders.

"For £60 worth of milk consumed in London the farmer receives not more than £25, while the remaining £35 goes to the distributor. This bloated Trust does no more than take delivery of milk from the farmer and deposit it upon our area doorsteps, but by performing this trifling service it has been able to make huge profits. Its shares stand at 34s. and are probably worth 40s.; it pays a more or less nominal dividend of 13 per cent. interest on its capital, while its real dividend is believed to be more like 20 per cent."

For the defence Mr. Strawsplitter pointed out that his client was in effect charged with being a common area thief, yet no evidence had been given to show that on the date mentioned Mr. Maggs had been seen within a mile of the house occupied by the parents of Susan Bloggs. He (counsel) was prepared to put his client in the witness-box and Mr. Maggs would state that before this charge was brought he had never even heard of Susan Bloggs and was only dimly aware of the existence of such a place as Shoreditch, as he was not in the habit of motoring through the slums.

MR. Justice Bull said that in the absence of evidence such as that to which counsel for the defence had referred, he would have to direct the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty." "Quite frankly," he continued, "I do this with extreme reluctance, for even if the offence cannot be sheeted home to the accused, it is palpable that the organisation of which he is the head has been guilty of the most flagrant profiteering. Thousands of babies have been deprived of adequate nourishment owing to the inability of their parents to pay the exorbitant prices for milk.

"The accused will be formally discharged, but I hope the matter will not be allowed to rest here. If it be true, as an eminent lawyer has declared, that a Trust is in itself something without a body to kick or a soul to damn, it is high time that Parliament passed legislation to enable the courts to deal directly with the individuals at the head of these barbarous monopolies."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEEKLY RECORD" (Stirling):—"Clyde placed ONE hand on BOTH the other's shoulders."

"ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS":—"His quiet, UNASSURING, yet cordial manner, and earnest speeches have already won the favour of his supporters wherever he has gone."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH":—"Later a reception took place at a London hotel, INTIMATE FRIENDS ONLY ATTACKING."

"WEEK END NOVELS":—"With a low, crooning, happy gurgle Fatima began to STROKE HIS FACE, with BOTH HER HANDS UNDER HIS CHIN."

"STAR":—"There are two special MATINEES of 'Twelfth Night' on Wednesday and Thursday NIGHTS."

"NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL":—"They wanted better buildings and equipment, notably the provision of INADEQUATE science laboratories."

"PEG'S COMPANION":—"Wilson lay stretched ON HIS FAIR, his face cupped in his hands, so that the glow of the firelight FELL ON HIS FACE while he puffed contentedly at his pipe."

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—"The OIL fell with a crash and was smashed, and the oil was instantly ablaze."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":—(advert.):—"Lady has skirt, woollen jacket, etc., SUIT WORKING GIRL: CHEAP; £33."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"FOR ATTEMPTING TO PAY his tram fare on the Fleetwood to Blackpool system . . . William Smalley was ordered to pay 20s."

"BATH & WILTS CHRONICLE":—"The Bath Fire Brigade was summoned by telephone AT 1.55, and AT EIGHT MINUTES PAST ONE the fireman were playing upon the fire."

BEAUTY WHISPERS

The lines of your throat tell your age.

Two things make one look old—sagging skin and double chin.

Have you ever noticed how quickly the oval of the lower face disappears and in its place comes a disgraceful look when a woman has a double chin? That double chin makes friends decide a woman is middle-aged. Every woman should guard against superfluous flesh. It is quite easy. All you need have are several applications of the miraculous Genovar Vinegar, which product has never been known to fail in removing these signs of age.

Take a handkerchief, fold it, wet it with Genovar Vinegar, then slap the parts to be reduced. No superfluous flesh can resist this daily treatment after a very little while; you will regain the same slimness that you had when you were twenty years old.

Genovar is a discovery of Dr. Peytoureau, of the Paris Faculty. It is inoffensive, and money is always refunded if the results given are not satisfactory. PHYLLIS EARLE.

NOTE.—You can obtain Genovar from all good hairdressers. If you would like to read Dr. Peytoureau's book before purchasing, write to Miss Joan, Phyllis Earle, Ltd., 15, North Audley Street, London, W. 1, enclosing 2d. in stamps, and the booklet will be sent by return.

WOMEN'S WRONGS.

They do not have a Fair Chance.

One of the greatest surgeons said that he never went to bed without feeling thankful for not having been born a woman. A woman's health handicaps her, almost always. She has disabilities which do not afflict men. Nature does not give her a fair chance.

Many suffering women have been freed entirely from their ailments, through the wonderful blood-making qualities of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Many a housewife toils all day with a pain in her back, a burning headache, and a sense of having no spine left.

What a pity that women will not listen to their friends whom Dr. Williams' pink pills have saved from this misery. These pills ought to be taken in the first years of womanhood; they may make all the difference to the health of a lifetime. But whenever a woman suffers they will help her—in youth, middle-age and after-life.

All women should take advantage of the health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists, 3s. 0d. per box.

FREE.—Every woman should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings." Sent free to all who write to F. B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy-square, London, W. 1.

BREW YOUR OWN BEER

Save Brewer's Profit.

Much nicer and easier to brew than you think. A 1/6 packet makes 6 gallons. (Also 3/- and 5/-, or two packets of each, 9/6. Delivery guaranteed. Try it for Christmas! Send to-day.

Tizer & Co. (Dept. J.B.) Northampton

START AFRESH in SOUTH AFRICA

Many able and energetic men, the middle-aged as well as the young, look to the future with anxiety. They see no prospect where they are. If they have a moderate capital, however, they may find scope for their merits in South African farming. The proposition is worth considering.

Among the foothills, along the plains, and in many a pleasant valley throughout the Union of South Africa there is the land on which to make good farms. Small or large according to what they are suitable for, such holdings may be bought for much less than in most countries. They are ready for occupation: on some there are dwellings.

Most are in a congenial, healthful climate, many are in districts where the soil is fertile and the rainfall adequate. Only a moderate capital and intelligent application are required to turn such holdings into farms, each capable of supporting a family, and of affording the owner reasonable security, contenting occupation, and scope for progress.

Particulars of the life, the country, the prospect, the capital required and facilities for getting training and guidance may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. Write for explanatory farm book "L.C." It is free.

Our Letter Parliament

Why Girls Go Wrong

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

The Bright Lights.

Your reader's suggestion that servants are immoral is surely a shade too far fetched. It is just that servants have so little chance for the social events that their luckier sisters attend that they are sometimes forced into undesirable company. A great deal of this could be avoided if many mistresses were more humane. They forget that girls alone in big cities have many temptations.—"*One of Them*," *London.*

On the Stage.

Referring to "Spotlight's" letter, let it be pointed out that girls on the stage are in no more danger of becoming victims to dishonourable men than girls in many other occupations. Girl shop assistants and girl clerks are preyed upon to an equal extent, and shop managers, and even proprietors themselves, are no better than theatrical managers. Parents need to be warned against putting their daughters to these occupations.—*Laz, Oldham.*

The Love Thief.

Most thieves when caught are sent to jail, but the love-thief escapes with a possible parading of an unsavoury escapade and a pocket injury. Yet infinitely more harm is done by the thief who breaks into a married couple's life and steals away the love of one of them, and wrecking the happiness of the other. I suggest that the proper place for the love-thief is not the Divorce Court, but the dock in the Criminal Court.—*B. A. B., Bradford.*

Alone in London.

What a pity it is that Lady Astor and other women in public life, instead of preventing lads from having a glass of beer, do not devote themselves to providing hostels or kindred institutions for lonely girls in London. Government statistics prove that the suicides among single women in London are greatest on Sunday—a grim commentary on their drab existence. Loneliness is bad enough for a man. In the case of a woman there are other terrors added.—*H. N., London, S.W.*

What is to Blame?

E. W., Portadown, must go about with his eyes shut. He admits that immorality is on the increase, says Birth Control has nothing to do with it, but omits to tell us what is to blame. In his opinion girls who fall are those who want their seducer as husband. I think they may be divided into two classes: First, those who have no knowledge of Birth Control; second!, those poor creatures who, in their innocence, give themselves to some brute calling himself a man.—*Alan W. Russell, Glasgow.*

"Are Servants Immoral?"

In reply to your reader, servants are no more immoral than their sister shop-girls, typists, etc.; but the unprotected conditions in which these girls are situated is a direct inducement to a certain class of blackguard. These girls are mostly from country districts, and are more innocent and confiding than their town-bred sisters. The man knows that the girl's protector is probably at a safe distance. In view of the obvious dangers, many mothers refuse to let their daughters leave home to be servants.—*Whinhill, Greenock.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Birth Control Danger.

The one great danger of Birth Control is that the knowledge in the wrong hands would prove disastrous. Imagine our young girls getting hold of such knowledge—and our young men! Surely there is enough immorality in the world at present without trying to add to it. We shall have many more girls "going wrong" if the Control advocates have their way.—*H. L., Brighton.*

Poor Panel Patients.

So many panel patients receive scant courtesy and treatment from their medical men that it is refreshing to find a paper taking up the cudgels on their behalf. A doctor who takes panel patients should be compelled to pay as much attention to them as to any other, and every case of failure should be investigated by an independent tribunal. When a doctor defaults he should be dismissed with as much publicity as possible.—*Cubes Neuk, Scarborough.*

Beasts of the Fields.

I do not agree with your correspondent, Wm. Bambrick, that there are no visible signs that Prohibition is necessary in this country. Has he ever visited the slums of any of our cities on pay night? If he does, he will see some of the most disgusting sights imaginable, of men and women dragged down by drink until they are lower than the beasts of the fields. And does he ever consider the "liberty" of the innocent children who have to look to such poor specimens of humanity for sustenance and guidance?—"*Honest Man*," *Motherwell.*

Here Lies a Millionaire.

It is easy for "A Gentleman With a Duster" to quote an isolated case of a millionaire who committed suicide, as this is a very rare exception and not a general rule with our millionaires. How many of the common people have been compelled to destroy their own lives through starvation, no one knows. There is something radically wrong with a system that allows so much unwarranted poverty on the one hand and such unlimited luxury on the other.—*Jay Ess, Rhos., Wrexham.*

[*Would Jay Ess like to have all the millionaires commit suicide to bear out our contributor's remarks?*—ED.]

On Other Pages

OUR 50,000 Golden Xmas Gifts are fast disappearing. If you want one—catch the next post! Particulars are on page 20 and the coupon will be found on page 32.

WE are still giving away "Fivers" in an easy advertisement competition. A £5 note is handy at Xmas. Turn to page 4 and enter.

WOULD you like to make money at your own fireside? In addition to a First of £250, "Bullets" Prizes include a hundred £1 notes this week.

MOTOMAC'S helpful advice to car owners is on page 31. Had trouble with the car lately?

More Referees.

Mr. McCrohon could not have thought before he wrote on the above subject. Imagine *two* football referees, and an infringement in mid-field! Result—an immediate argument. Which is to give way? Instead of more referees, why not have a *physical* examination of the candidates? I am a referee myself, thirty-five years of age, and can run with the best.—*A. J. Moore, Southwater.*

Saints and Sinners!

It seems to be possible for the majority of people only to know and appreciate their great men after they have passed away. The "appreciations" of the late Bonar Law and Dr. Clifford, which appeared in all papers, irrespective of party, gave substance and personality to what had hitherto been merely names. Surely we might have impartial sketches (not cartoons only) of our great men during their lifetime.—*Mrs. N. T., Nuneaton.*

Trade with Russia.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner is right. To cure unemployment we must trade with Russia. By all means let us develop our Empire to its fullest in order to supply all our wants, but such a process must be a slow one. At present our Empire cannot supply all our raw material, nor can it take all our products in return. Therefore, let us restore trade with Russia immediately, and at the same time develop our Empire.—*A. McA., Manchester.*

Goods First.

Mr. Gardiner's article "Work for all To-morrow," seems to me to get just outside the realm of sound policy. His suggestion that the Government should give credit to finance business with Russia is asking for the tax-payers' money to be risked where the trader will not risk his own. We are daily proving how difficult it is to get our 600 millions credit back from France, which country we must still consider more reliable than Russia. Russia must "shift herself a bit," and her merchants are the people to get things moving, and to "deliver the goods" FIRST.—*Trustful When Justified.*

Rothermere's Bunk.

All readers will thank you for your fearless articles exposing the Rothermere Press. "France can do no wrong" is apparently Rothermere's motto. Her every action is applauded, while she, in spite of Germany's bankrupt and disarmed condition, spends millions on her army and navy, and grants enormous loans for war purposes to the "Little Entente." But "France can do no wrong," and Britain has to pay!—*G. R., London, N.22.*

Bargees' Babies.

Is it not time that all women and children should be stopped living on board these "floating rabbit-hutches"—canal barges? Often can be found a man, his wife and three or four children, living, sleeping, etc., in one small cabin. The children have no chance to attend school or obtain any education whatever, and, therefore, have nothing better than a boatman's life to look forward to. They are to be seen driving the horse on the towing-path almost as soon as they can toddle, or running ahead of the boat, at all hours of the day and night, and in all weathers, lock-wheeling, or getting the locks ready for the oncoming boat. If this state of things was stopped, would it not find work for a few more men?—*Canal Boat Builder, Yiewsley.*

Healthy Foods
AND BEVERAGES

THE BRANDED GOODS ADVERTISED ON THIS PAGE ARE GUARANTEED BY JOHN BULL to be *pure* and *wholesome* and entirely *free from* ***sophistication*** or harmful preservatives. Since there is little or no difference in price between these and similar articles sold without any guarantee, READERS SHOULD ALWAYS ASK FOR THESE BRANDS BY NAME.

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The Vitality Food with the lovely flavour.

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Mrs. J. Ward, South borough House, South Mackney, writes: "Many of our friends consider our baby is an ideal child for only twelve months. We tried many patent foods for him, and finally used the old-fashioned Neave's. We find no other so satisfactory, and Baby likes no other so well as yours."

Baby Ward (photo)

Neave's Food has stood the test of world-wide use for practically a century. Neave's Food is specially recommended by the "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," and other leading authorities. Eminent physicians use and endorse Neave's Food, and mothers by the thousand recommend it.

Though the oldest, Neave's Food is still the best. It is also the cheapest. *Sold everywhere in 1/8 and 4/6 tins, also in 6d. cartons.*

FREE SAMPLE

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The powerful drug, caffeine, the principal element of tea and coffee, is most harmful to health, causing indigestion, depression and sleeplessness. Keep healthy. Stop tea and coffee, and drink instead deliciously flavoured Instant Postum, a pure cereal beverage that is as refreshing as tea or coffee and as harmless as milk. Made instantly in the cup. Sold by Grocers and Stores in ½ lb. tins 2/8, ¼ lb. 1/7.

Instant Postum

"There's a reason."

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Sample tin sufficient for seven cups will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp for postage. Or send 4d. stamp for combined sample of Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties.

GRAPE-NUTS Co. Ltd. (Dept. 48), 5, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.2.

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MAZAWATTEE TEA

is famed for its Purity, Economy and Unvarying Flavour

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Eat St. Ivel Lactic Cheese daily, and so live a long and healthy life. This is the only Cheese ever awarded the Gold Medal at the International Medical Congress. It contains life giving germs which destroy many poisonous impurities in the system.

It is complete health which is important, and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is the food that secures this."

St. Ivel LACTIC CHEESE

8½d. *per cheese.*
"Minnies," 2d. each.

The Baron of "Lloyd's" says—
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Hookey Strop
The most wonderful stropping appliance ever devised. Think what this means. The extra shaving you get with one blade alone more than covers the cost of the machine. Just drop in your safety blade—GILLETTE or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle and you get a keen, perfect "Barber's" edge on both sides at once. Even your old discarded blades become like new in a few seconds. You risk nothing. On receipt of remittance we send you the Hookey Strop for 7 days' free trial and 100 Guaranteed Heavy Duty 2 Diamond Blades to use. Obsolete blades used.
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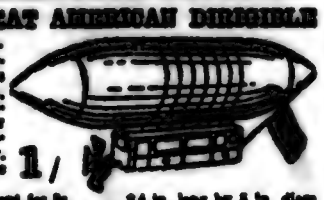

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Six dirigibles sent for 5/-. 24 in. long by 5 in. diam.
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Why Press Tipsters Fail

The Odds Against the Weekly Turf Writer

THERE is not a turf writer tipping in periodicals which appear once a week who can show a profit on a level stake at the end of a racing season. This is not because the experts cannot weigh up a handicap, or a weight-for-age race, and find the pea, but simply and solely owing to the fact that the odds against them are too great.

The reasons are many. The entries for many races are two or three times as large as the number of horses which eventually face the starter. Consequently, it is almost impossible to find the runners, let alone winners.

Writing so far in advance it is also impossible to know the fancied horses, and one is always up against the stable which has three or four entries, any one of which may run and win. Poole and Bennett in the South, and Coulthwaite and several other Midland and Northern trainers, supply puzzles which a Solomon cannot solve.

The Way Out.

For this reason, when the Editor of JOHN BULL told me he wished me to edit the racing page, I suggested giving two selections in code which will appear in a number of daily papers. This will enable me to communicate to JOHN BULL readers late information. My code appears below together with a list of the newspapers in which the daily coded selections will be inserted. The code will be revised weekly.

The King and the Jumping Game.

All sportsmen will be pleased to learn that there is a likelihood of the King taking an active interest in National Hunt Racing. His Majesty has always been interested in the jumping game, but so far his colours have not been registered. Joss House, who won twice on the flat this year, is being put through his paces over the sticks to see how he shapes.

When King Edward Won the National.

Why not another Grand National winner from the Royal stables? King Edward's great win with Ambush II. at Aintree in 1900 is still fresh in the public memory.

And the Prince.

The Prince of Wales, who rode Phaco at Sandown Park, has put in an unexpected appearance at more than one jumping meeting recently. He viewed the racing at Kempton Park on the Saturday and arrived in time for the last two races on the following Monday at Leicester. The Red Knight won at both meetings, and I understand that his Royal Highness is very interested in this smart young 'chaser. The first time the Prince of Wales rode in public was at Hawthorn Hill in 1921. He won the Welsh Guards' 'Chase on his own horse, Pet Dog.

Town Guard's Brother.

Town Guard's brother, Civic Guard, ran on the flat as Holy Willie. He won at his first attempt over the jumps. Like most of Hurry On's stock he is on the big side, and as he possesses stamina and jumps well he should win a number of hurdle races.

Thank You, America.

American racing critics have only just finished condemning Donoghue's racing tactics. In addition to Papyrus, Steve rode one or two American horses, and finished his races with a loose rein. The American jockeys believe in taking a firm hold of their mounts. Hence the abuse hurled at Donoghue's head. We are promised an American invasion next year, and a few lessons on how to ride winners. Perhaps!

Ladies May Not Train.

Most of the sporting papers returned the Birmingham winner, Ardeen, as trained by Lady Doreen Fraser. This is incorrect. The National Hunt Committee do not grant licences to women trainers.

Five Winners in One Day.

Poole, the Lewes trainer, has gathered together a big string of jumpers and has started the season with a flourish of trumpets. Twice already has he turned out three winners in one day. A nice little hat-trick. I was at a Plumpton meeting in 1920 when this clever trainer carried off five of the six events, and not one a first favourite. The brothers Rees shared in this triumph. F. B. was successful three times and L. B. rode the other two. In the sixth event Poole did not have a horse competing.

An Abandoned Meeting.

The Eglington meeting, which was fixed for January 1 and 2, is fated. The meeting on the same dates this year was abandoned owing to frost. Now comes the news that the 1924 meeting is cancelled. The popular Manchester meeting occurs on January 1 and 2. I fancy this is responsible for the cancellation of the Scottish fixture. For some reason it is curious that there will be no racing on the Thursday preceding Christmas week.

Look Out for the Irish.

An Irish friend of mine told me the other day that as the jumping season advances the Irishmen will come into their own. It is always dangerous to oppose a fancied Irish horse, for obviously they are not sent across St. George's Channel for the benefits accruing from a sea voyage. One of the horses he advised me to tip was Marlin Fitz. This gelding would probably have beaten Hawker at Kempton Park recently. He fell at the last jump when leading.

A Loophole.

Thanks to the rotten state of the law in such matters, Billy Deer, Ltd., the well-known Brighton turf accountants, failed in their action to recover £14 18s. 6d. from Richard James Collett, another turf accountant. The amount was admitted to be a betting transaction, whereupon the Deputy Judge invoked the water-logged law on gaming transactions and gave judgment for Collett. We don't like to see people get out of their betting losses through the Gaming Laws.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—*Sporting Life, Sporting Chronicle, North Star, Bristol Times, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Leeds Mercury, Newcastle Mail, Glasgow Daily Record, Yorkshire Post, Daily Dispatch, Irish Independent, South Wales Daily News.*

P	K	MM	V	R	LL	F	C	T
L	X	3	B	H	8	Q	7	M
OO	Z	N	U	Q	O	A	I	
9	S	G	Y	D	J	E	W	

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

T Y Z W 7 R E 8 would read Music Hall.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from December 12th to 18th inclusive.

RING-SIDE NOTES.

Annam, who has won three hurdle races in succession, is to be put to steeplechasing.

Jack Bore has won five of his last six races. He cost Mr. Hooley two hundred and sixty guineas. Not a bad bargain.

Sherston is a much improved chaser, and is now owned by Sir R. W. Tait. Mr. G. P. Sanday sold the horse for 1,000 guineas.

Should stewards bet? was one of the questions raised at the Gimcrack dinner. Certainly not!

J. Hogan, jun., who has recently recommenced riding after a bad fall, put a collar-bone out during his race on Hawker at Kempton. In spite of the pain and terrible handicap he won the race.

Hogan heads the list of winning mounts over the sticks since January of this year. He has sixty firsts to his credit.

The latest Epinard story: If Zev is not sent to France it is proposed to take the French champion to America to fix up a match.

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Fariray.—Coulthwaite's charge won at Haydock Park on Friday and showed that he is as good as ever. Fariray proved himself a smasher during the last campaign, and history should repeat itself. He is built to carry the big weights which the handicapper bestows upon him.

Blue Fire.—Would undoubtedly have beaten Jackadale at Leicester if he had not come to grief at the last hurdle. Was fancied and has excellent form. His last five outings show three wins, a second and a third.

Duncher.—This gelding is a very consistent selling handicap hurdler, and will be winning again soon. Has been successful in five out of ten races.

Dwarf of the Forest. — Is always worth backing in races for amateur riders when the distance is three miles or over. Failed at Kempton recently over two miles after winning a three-mile 'chase at Hawthorn Hill. Has won at 100-6 and 100-8 this year.

Ferryhill. — This gelding has been entered for several races recently, but has not faced the starter. He would have beaten Bawn-na-Glas—one of the best youngsters seen out so far—at Birmingham but for coming to grief at the last jump. Do not miss him.

Music Hall, Gerald L. and Gushing Arms are three 'chasers who should never be missed. Music Hall was not expected to beat Turkey Buzzard at Leicester, this being the gelding's first race since his accident in France over eighteen months ago. However, he will win soon. Gerald L. will soon be ready and his record speaks for itself. He has won his last five races.

Winter Voyage.—A good 'chaser, this son of the staying Torpoint, can be placed to win a two-and-a-half or three-mile handicap.

Daisy Cutter. — Although beaten at Leicester by Snipe's Bridge, this gelding will win again soon. He is not gifted with too much speed, but jumps like a stag, and is very consistent.

Dorado. — One of Poole's best handicap hurdlers. He is very fit at present, and although he will probably carry top weight whenever he is seen out, he should be backed. Won his last race giving away nearly two stone to most of the runners.

Tarpon.—A novice with a big private reputation. Ran third first time out over hurdles. George Duller was expected to take the mount, but had to cry off owing to a slight attack of rheumatism.

Westview.— One of the unlucky ones in the race won by Jackadale at Leicester. His chance was ruined by the fall of Blue Fire. Ran a good race last Friday.

"SILVER RING."

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Mr. L. SENIOR writes:—"I have received my ninth lesson and can play well. Of course, I cannot play perfectly yet, but it is really wonderful how easy it comes after a little practice."

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Yours truly,
Florent Fissore.

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Make the Cup Draws Public!

A Suggestion by Which Charity Could Benefit

DOUBTLESS at least half the population is more or less acutely interested in professional league football, and half the remainder wakes up with the advent of the English Cup-ties. Next Monday, therefore, will be another Election Day to the nation when the draw for the first round is due. I have seen the excellent suggestion that cup draws should be made in a large building in public and the proceeds be given to charity. I agree with this and I am sure the takings would be large enough, while one would welcome a new item in public amusement! As it is, the Football Association so like to keep things to themselves that even the Press is not allowed to see the numbered balls come out of the bag. Still the whole proceedings are straight enough.

Press Butts In.

The daily Press has been letting-off again on the question of the morality of transferring footballers from one club to another. The *Daily Mail* chipped in with a leader and told its readers this dealing is all wrong, but, after all, professional football is a business, and when one club wants to buy and another to sell, the transaction is no more financially immoral than a man buying a new hat. I do not believe in panicky purchases or in attempts like that of a London club to buy half a team, but the feelings of the players themselves might be more generally considered. Surely anybody has a right to earn his living in a congenial atmosphere?

Bad for Visitors.

I shall be surprised if there are any away winners in the First Division this week-end. Cardiff are going so strongly that they must succeed at Anfield Road, but I adhere to my opinion that Liverpool will come back and they should prevent the Welsh team from getting away with more than one point. Huddersfield will trouble the Arsenal defence and should at least draw at Highbury. It will be a fine struggle at Sheffield between the United and Aston Villa. A goal apiece is a likely result, while an identical score seems to me to be the outcome of the game between the Forest and West Ham. Home winners promise to be Bolton, Burnley, Manchester City, Spurs, West Bromwich and Sunderland.

In Division II.

If any of the Second Division sides get a couple of away points they may be Manchester United, who go to Hanley, and the Orient, who must have more than a chance at Stockport. Leeds United's excellent home record should not be disturbed by Bury, Fulham have not much to do to beat Nelson, while Bristol City can move a little further from the bottom of the table at the expense of Hull City. It is not more than a shade of odds, however, on Derby County stopping Blackpool. The Palace forwards will have George Wilson to prevent them getting more than a couple of goals—and Oldham may not be very readily disposed of at Leicester. Stoke ought to collect a point at Coventry.

Big Scottish Clash.

The match in Scotland will be between the Rangers and Raith Rovers. The potential champions play as well away as at home, but the Rovers are a good team and I fancy they will share the points. I am tipping Dundee to win at Ayr and I do not think Queen's Park will stop Airdrie. Aberdeen, Celtic, Hamilton, Hibernians, Partick and St. Mirren should win at home even if the whole lot should not do so.

Cup Survivors.

Twenty-four clubs will be battling this week-end for the right to play in the first round of the English Cup next month, and progress to the competition proper financially means a lot to several of them, who could do with the £1,000 which is likely to be attached to a game with one of the First Division teams. I have not the space to comment on the ties, but I suggest as likely survivors: Ashington, Chesterfield, Exeter, Llanelly, Portsmouth, Northampton, Walsall, Gillingham, Norwich, Wrexham, Darlington and Halifax.

Serve Him Right.

I drew attention recently to the necessity of referees dealing more strictly with childish players. I pointed out that referees under the heading of "ungentlemanly conduct" have more power than they seem to think, or, if they know this, are afraid to exercise it. My advice, however, has borne a little fruit, as in a recent English Cup-tie a player who interfered with the proper placing of the ball was promptly sent off the field.

Getting the Money Back.

Grimshaw has cost Sunderland a "packet," but the Lancashire club have been badly needing a right winger and they hope to get a slice of the purchase money back from Cup-tie gates. This part of the transfer business escapes most people, but, obviously, a star player is worth a good bit more while he is eligible for the big knock-out competition, than if he were "Cup-tied" as the saying is. If Grimshaw, for instance, assists Sunderland to get into the fourth round, say, they will have paid for him within "three months of his 'capture.'"

What of North-End.

I am warned by a friend in Preston not to expect North-End to stay where they are in the First Division table. Well, I should certainly not like to see such a famous club go down, and I am glad to have the assurance that the team has not been playing so badly as their record might suggest. Frequent changes have undermined confidence, and when you come to look at the probable best eleven it is not so bad.

The Fiction Touch.

Ted Vizard's football career has a touch of fiction in it. Unknown and unannounced, he went to Bolton just over twelve years ago and asked the Wanderers for a trial.

He got it. A few weeks later he went into the Wanderers first team and inside of another three months actually played for his country. Such an advance from obscurity to fame is unprecedented.

Vizard has since been a fixture in the Welsh team, and nobody for another few seasons will have the opportunity of deposing him. Nor have the Wanderers yet commenced to look for his successor.

There are quite a few excellent outside-lefts playing nowadays, but Vizard is about the best of them, since while he is so often brilliant, he seldom has an off-day. Certain is it, with just the possible exception of Stephenson and Smith of Huddersfield, that no left wing can get a defence into such hopeless tangles as do Vizard and his partner, Joe Smith.

Tall for a winger and possessing quite enough weight, Vizard is the most dazzling dribbler in the game. He has the side-step and the swerve and his movements are made so rapidly that, if he keeps the ball, the opening is instantaneous. This leaves either a clear run for himself or his more favourite back pass, which is done so well that his partner can come along and shoot on the run.

What Wilson Means.

Despite the Press reports, I am told by the Chelsea players that they were delighted with Andy Wilson's debut with them. What actually happened, I gather is, that Wilson, so far from over-working himself, endeavoured to discover the methods of his colleagues and to indicate to them how he wanted the ball passed. And very laudable, too. What Wilson can bank on is that Miller will make plenty of openings for him once this forward fits in with the great centre.

Neil Harris' Shooting.

I do not consider Newcastle United such a good team as their present position might indicate. The league tables are often a little misleading, even if in the middle portion only a few points separate the first and last of a dozen or so clubs. Newcastle's progress in my opinion will continue to depend on Neil Harris' shooting. This dashing leader is as consistent as most centre-forwards in the goal-scoring line, and so long as he keeps in the side he and the defence will practically carry it.

A Chance for a Rich Man.

I have received a friendly note from General Kentish to say that the British Olympic Association still lacks funds. Another £10,000 must be raised if Great Britain is to be worthily represented at the Games in Paris next year. Why are all our wealthy sportsmen hiding their heads? Plenty of them will spend £10,000 and more on a single horse. Won't any of them give that much for Britain's manhood?

FORECASTS FOR DEC. 22.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.
Home Winners.
Aston V., *Cardiff, Chelsea, *Huddersfield, Middlesbrough, *West Ham.
Away Winners.
*Bolton W.
Draws.
Birmingham v. W. Bromwich, Blackburn v. Spurs, Everton v. Manchester C., Newcastle v. Sunderland.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.
Home Winners.
Blackpool, Bradford C., *Clapton O., Hull C., *Manchester U., *Wednesday, *S. Shields, *Stoke.
Away Winners.
*Leeds U., Fulham.
Draw.
Oldham v. Leicester.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (SOUTHERN).
Home Winners.
Brentford, *Brighton, Bristol R., *Plymouth, *Portsmouth, Southend, *Swansea, Watford.
Away Winners.
Northampton, *Luton.
Draws.
Merthyr v. Queen's P. R.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III. (NORTHERN).
Home Winners.
Ashington, *Chesterfield, *Darlington, *Durham, Hartlepools, *Wigan, *Wolves.
Away Winners.
*Rochdale, *Wrexham, Halifax.
Draws.
Tranmere v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Airdrieonians, Clydebank, *Falkirk, *Hibernians, Kilmarnock, *Rangers.
Draws.
Clyde v. Partick, Dundee v. Celtic, Motherwell v. Raith R., Third Lanark v. St. Mirren.

(For coupon purposes, nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

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HERE are some of the results made possible by 'Yadil': pneumonia mastered in twenty-four hours, malaria checked with two or three doses, whooping cough stopped in two days, coughs and colds often in one day, tonsilitis in three days, diphtheria in a day or two. It masters promptly influenza, bronchitis, catarrh, typhus, cholera, dysentery, enteritis, colitis, cystitis, blood-poisoning, septic wounds, gangrene, pernicious anæmia. It cures, when used with the right kind of food, most cases of consumption, and prevents fresh cases from developing. All these diseases are merely the symptoms of bacterial infection which 'Yadil' destroys. It vindicates Lister's principles and sets the seal to his undying fame as one of the men whose lifework has been truly useful to mankind.

Alex Clement

THE YADIL BOOK 228 pages, cloth bound, embodies the clinical results of seven years' experience in the treatment of over 200 diseases, in private and hospital practice. The chapters—What is Disease?—Causes of Disease—Doctors and Disease—will modify the teaching and practice of medicine. They should be read in every home, and in all schools, to teach the coming generation how to avoid disease and reach old age free from pain and infirmities. A copy will be sent post free to any home or foreign address on receipt of two shillings and sixpence, or you may get it from your chemist. A useful present to send to anyone, anywhere.

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Pronounce it YAH—DIL.

Motoring for the Million

by MOTOMAC.

HOW elections were held without cars is a problem which I do not need to solve, but I want all motorists to ask their new Member one question if they ever see or hear of him again before the next election. This is the question: "In all this talk about Fiscal Reform, when are you going to alter the ridiculous system of h.p. rating?" On the answer to this question hangs the fate of our export trade, especially as far as the Colonies are concerned.

If you don't quite see it, look at it from this angle. Horse-power tax, calculated on the bore of the engine has resulted in the development of a high-efficiency engine which can legally claim a low rating. The power of the engine, however, is entirely dependent on the speed at which the crank-shaft is revolving.

It is easy when roads are good to work up the revs. and obtain maximum power, but where roads are bad, or no roads, as we know them, exist, you never get the chance of working up that power through a direct gear.

OUR foreign competitors have not to worry about horse-power tax for their home trade. They build a squarer cylinder and get maximum power more from explosive force and depend rather less on high revolving. That probably is the main reason for Colonial preference for American cars.

Some British firms have, of course, laid themselves out for Colonial trade. It generally means the building of a Colonial type and a home type. Mass production principles involve the largest possible output of one standard type.

To enable the British maker to succeed in that direction we must get rid of a form of taxation "peculiar to ourselves." If your new Member has been saying anything which sounded like that last phrase, ask him to put it into practice with regard to motor taxation.

The effect of the horse-power tax, however, has not been all bad. The small-car development for which Britain is famous has been forced by it. Engines of the very neatest description have resulted from it. We have more makers of small cars than any other country and every individual taste can be satisfied.

Taxation has compelled us to specialise, but the type is now established, and the restriction can be removed to advantage.

WITH £200 I would rather buy a Morris than any American or Continental car known to me, yet I am convinced there would be more Morris' sold if we got rid of that recurring annual fine of £13. It may not look much to the man who is planking down £200, but the fact remains that the first question asked by nine purchasers out of ten, is: What is the tax?

With bigger stuff the position is worse. I know of many who fancy a Thirty Daimler—Not bad judges! but when they think of 13s. 6d. a week for tax whether the car is in the garage or on the road, they hesitate.

In fact the more wealthy the individual, the more anxious he seems to be to get his money's worth, probably a case of cause and effect.

When it comes to old cars, it is often a question of, Is the overhaul worth while in view of the tax? If the answer be in the negative, the repair shop loses another job. So please, Mr. New Member, think about it.

***

For further particulars about cars and accessories send coupon on page 3

GET THIS COAT NOW.

It is a WINTER OVERCOAT and a RAINCOAT COMBINED IN ONE.

So great has been the demand that our stock of materials is running low, and we are afraid we shall not be able to continue the supply at this price very much longer.

Triple-Proofed Gabardine

Trench Coat

(The famous 4 in 1 Coat).

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and button holes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat on delivery fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

The World's Measure Tailors.

New Head Depot:

36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 158, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 115, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 23 & 23, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 10, Southampton Row, W.C.; 18, Old Compton Street, W.

CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 31, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Holborn, E.C.

ALSO AT:—

DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON, HOVE and GRAVESEND.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) and if your guarantee to refund money if on receipt of the garment I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

You may try on this famous Corset in your own Home

I will send you my New Model Ambron Corset "on Approval" for Deposit of . . . 1/-

You could not wish for a better business deal than one with the actual maker of your corset especially when you are offered a Home Approval Trial on such fair and generous terms. What a pleasure to have the Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset sent direct to your home, thus enabling you to try it on in peace and quietude. This gives you ample opportunity to discover the outstanding qualities of the Ambron Corset, its beauty of design, immaculate fit and finish, superb material and unusual ease and comfort. Let me send you this Model to-day. A

14/11 Ambron Corset now reduced to 8/11

Only a maker can make such an offer and at such a low price, for I have reduced the cost by 6/-, yet the quality is even better than ever. Just 1/- deposit and then if you like this magnificent Corset, pay balance either in one sum of 7/- weekly. Send me your coupon NOW.

THIS PERFECT CORSET DESCRIBED.

The new Ambron Model "A" is cut from the famous Ambron Super Coutil Cloth, a fabric of wonderful strength and durability, with Bust 2 inches above usual line as present worn. It is shaped with Duplex Elastique Supports, cloth eased and specially reinforced at ends, and fitted with Wedge-shaped Busk and 4 Adjustable Woven Lock Suspenders, detachable. Pretty trimming completes this exquisitely dainty Corset, which is easily washable without removal of busk, trimmings, or supports.

Miss PHYLLIS MORKHAM, the charming Co-Optimist, writes: "The Ambron Corset is a distinctly well-created Corset, and enhances the figure lines most artistically."

Miss ELLA SHIELDS, the famous male impersonator, says: "The Ambron Corset has given me such real satisfaction I am only too pleased to acknowledge its excellency."

HOME APPROVAL COUPON.

By using you gain 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11.

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are:—

Size of Waist.....Bust.....Hips.....

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. part postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross Postal Orders thus: / / . Sizes range from 19 ins. to 36 in. Over 30 ins. 1/6 extra.

X JOHN BULL, 15/12/'23. No. 407.

Post your Order at once to AMBRON WILSON, Ltd., 432, Alton House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W. 1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all

CATARRHAL TROUBLES

in Children and Adults should be treated by

The KYNASTON Method

"93 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with these operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, Dr. Kynaston's Institute,

COMMANDANT HARRISON, 24, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone: Victoria 184.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply

C. L. R. (Reading).—"It is generally supposed that the heart is on the left side." So long as it's in the right place, why worry?

Mrs. K (Coventry).—"I can always get a joint for Sunday on credit." Another meat trust.

T. R. (Nelson).—"You won't find the rich giving much away." Possibly that's why they're rich.

B. R. K. (Bristol).—"It is the unalterable law of Nature, even Adam had his day." *And* his Eve.

G. (Hatfield).—"Is it true that slow thinkers live the longest?" Not if they are crossing a London street.

H. M. (Stockwell Road).—"I claim to be able to take a tooth out without any pain whatever." It sounds false to us.

K. N. (Boston).—"I know I shall be terribly bored this Christmas." And thousands of others will be thoroughly fed up.

L. R. E. (Dorking).—"Soon we shall be listening to America on a crystal set." Which will prove that gas can be laid on by wireless.

H. S. (Chelsea).—"When a man is out in the rain all day what is he fit for?" We think he would be best fitted for a waterproof.

S. S. (Silsden).—"Advertisements supply the man-in-the-street with his academy pictures." Probably that's why they "draw" so well.

O. V. (Wilton).—"Vegetables are good for one, people are not nearly so enthusiastic over them as they should be." We're thrilled to the "marrow."

S. P. (Camberwell).—"There are not many places in London where a fellow can take his fiancee." He can always take her into his confidence.

W. S. (Bolsover).—"I'm waiting for a big check to Germany's manœuvres." And we're waiting to see a big cheque from Germany to settle the reparations.

M. B. (Birmingham).—"Quietly, I like my husband, he likes me, and together we like our children." And we love our kiddies even quieter than that.

F. N. (Durham).—"The houses in London which interest me most are those on which there are moving signs." And the houses which interest the landlords most are those in which there are signs of moving.

L. N. T. (Ibrox).—"We cannot expect not to catch cold in winter and with so many people coughing and sneezing, the most hygienic handkerchief, because you can burn it, is the paper handkerchief."—A tishoo! paper, so to speak.

R. S. B. (Ashton).—"I speak as I think." Then we should imagine you're just about dumb.

H. E. (Cheam).—"Will you let me know if this letter is published or not?" Not!

S. M. (Leek).—"There is a lot more to this idea of mine." Perhaps there is the idea itself?

T. G. (Norwich).—"There is not much in JOHN BULL I miss." If you miss even a little you lose a lot.

P. T. (Oban).—"I see you agreed with my letter although you didn't print it." You must have second sight.

L. N. (Felstead).—"I wonder what the cry will be at the next election." We sincerely hope that it will not be a cry for work.

K. S. (Kettering).—"Protection will enable the dealer to dispose of motor cars cheaply." And most of us would be only too pleased to drive a bargain.

L. T. (Wendover).—"Many young married couples have abandoned the race for houses." They will get more satisfaction at the opening of the flat.

G. JONES (Chiswick).—"I always get annoyed with people who continually quote old saws." It isn't half so annoying as the folk who will borrow new ones.

L. M. (Dewsbury).—"Please hold over my letter of three days ago for a week or two." Sir! we had already made up our mind to hold it over even longer than that.

T. C. D. (Barnoldswick).—"Reading the many topics mentioned in your pages, I find there is much to learn from them." Which explains exactly why we wrote them.

B. Y. (St. Helens).—"Can you beat a man, he calls himself a man, who will go the length of robbing children of their Saturday pennies?" We'd rather horsewhip him.

T. R. (Leicestershire).—"The truest saying is the one about the early bird catching the worm. The early riser has all day before him to do it in." Do what in—the worm?

E. F. S. (Liverpool).—"The Rothermere Press dish up the same matter on different plates every time, expecting the British public to digest and thrive on it." And, consequently, it is always overdone.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

W. T. (Enfield).—"However, let us get back to the facts." But we've never been away from them.

N. T. (Newcastle).—"All I want is someone to give me a push off." Then, you think, you could get a move on.

G. E. R. (Cleethorpes).—"Some men like work about as much as a fly likes flypapers." But the flies stick to it.

G. W. (Congleton).—"My one regret is that I can't sing." A regret that will not be shared by your neighbours.

A BAKER'S WIFE (Tonbridge).—"We hear rumbles of the bread wrapping campaign." Dash that crinkley paper!

T. W. (Plymouth).—"The public have the remedy for unemployment in their own hands." Just exactly where they want the work.

F. J. H. (Brighton).—"Charity begins at home. France can do with a rest." And Britain could do with the balance

L. E. S. (Dudley).—"Supposing I sent you twenty shillings every week, what would you do with it?" We could make a note of it, anyhow.

P. J. D. (Portsdown).—"It may seem a purely local matter, but I would like you to go for them bald-headed." We prefer to keep our hair on.

V. V. (Langcliffe).—"The law of supply and demand doesn't always hold." True: look at the supply of cranks and how little demand there is for them!

P. S. (Wellingboro').—"Very often it is the accountant, not the company promoter, who proves to be the snake in the grass." Usually, he is certainly some adder.

OLD CROCK (Yatton).—"Younger, and better trained referees would in my opinion be likely to improve things." They would certainly be able to make a quicker get-away.

W. R. M. (Peckham Rye).—"In view of the ever increasing popularity of JOHN BULL, I suggest this slogan: 'Make a rule, Buy JOHN BULL.'" Excellent! It's a hit, J.B.'s IT.

W. M. F. (Sheffield).—"I refuse to use my vote because in my opinion politics is only a dirty game." All the more reason why you should use your vote as a sponge to help clean the game up.

BRIGHTER DAYS (Wrexham).—"I wonder, have these people who write so much about poverty ever experienced it?" Speaking personally, the answer is in the affirmative.

Mrs. A. TOWELL (19, Faringdon Street, Swindon).—"My First Prize effort in *Bullets* No. 503 was entered in my maiden name of Annie Miller. I am married, with three children." Then you will have no difficulty in spending your £250.

C. R. (Terling).—"I have been reading your ghost stories." Mr. Moseley *will* be pleased!

A. A. (Barking).—"Excuse length and paucity of ideas." It needed a big effort, but we did it.

P. G. (Halifax).—"After being unemployed for over eighteen years, I have found a decent job at last." Good lad! May it last.

Mrs. C. (Stowmarket).—"My approved society is one of the best." Then no wonder it's approved.

E. R. (Barrow).—"I gave them a bit of my mind." And you've apparently given us what was left.

R. T. (Ascot).—"I have been having high words with my neighbour." Better than having low words, anway.

R. A. (Leeds).—"Kindly note that it is quite possible to get really pure beer in this City." Righto! We'll put it down.

H. H. (Uxbridge).—"I am a firm believer in grasping Opportunity by the forelock." Quite right: she has no back hair.

S. O. (Hackney).—"To read of black beasts insulting English girls makes my blood boil." We get rather heated about it ourself.

P. McC. (Elie).—"You seem to give all sorts of funny answers." That's because we're asked all kinds of funny questions.

M. U. (Glasgow).—"I don't think I agree with your writers." They'll be positively ill with anxiety till you make up your mind.

O. S. (Bromley).—"If Governments would only keep their promises all would be well." We don't know whether you're an optimist or only a humorist.

F. J. (Stockport).—"I trust you will not object to a few passing comments?" They passed us so quickly we had only time to read the first six pages.

G. F. (Bradford).—"The bill was eightpence, I gave the waitress a shilling and, without saying a word, she kept the fourpence as a tip." No change.

E. K. (Rhyl).—"I should like to know what your readers think of my letter." Alas! They'll never see it, and we shan't think of it again if we can help it.

H. P. (Edgware).—"I think it is about time the Government took a hand in these scandals." The Government have enough scandals of their own as it is.

A. M. (W.9).—"If the people would only think for themselves things would be different." Lord Rothermere, for instance, would probably go out of business.

F. K. (Belfast).—"There are no really good smoking room stories going about lately." But aren't smoking room stories supposed to be, well—rather naughty.

G. S. (I.O.M.).—"In a hundred years time we shall have paid five times the National Debt in interest." Never mind; in a hundred years time we shan't be here to do the paying.

R. P. S. (Wolverhampton).—"I am certain that my employer thinks he could not run his business successfully without me." So long as you don't get the same idea—Good!

A. R. (Leicester).—"This is the first time I have attempted to put my thoughts on paper." We draw our own conclusions from the fact that you only needed a postcard.

H. R. P. (Leicester).—"It is all right to talk about the short weight given by grocers and butchers, but what about fishmongers?" Anyhow, fishmongers are invariably surrounded by plenty of scales.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL'S XMAS GIFT COUPON

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me the Xmas Golden Gift Set(s) described below. (Cross out the one not required.)

FOR MEN.—Golden Gift Set containing the "John Bull" Masterpiece Model Pen (Men's Size) and 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE. I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

FOR LADIES.—Golden Gift Set (Lady's Size) containing the Masterpiece Model Pen in a slightly shorter size and a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil (also smaller, with smart pendant top). I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/3 (which includes 3d. for postage and insurance).

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Pocket Clips 3d. extra. Postage on Two Sets, 4d.; on Three Sets, 6d. Postage and Registration abroad (including Irish Free State) 6d. each set.

NAME..... DATE.....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 15/12/23. Cross cheque, P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull."

SEE PAGE 20.

The WONDER VALUE CHEST of TOOLS

THE PRACTICAL XMAS GIFT.

The handiest, most compact, and complete Chest of Tools ever offered at the price. The complete Carpenter's Outfit for craftsmen and amateurs. Comprises a strong and well-made brand new chest made of 1 in. timber, measuring 32 in. by 9 in. by 11 in., fitted with removable nail tray, lock and key, and the following 41 HIGH-GRADE TOOLS :—

3 Chisels, 1 2 ft. Rule, 1 Marking Gauge, 2 Files, 1 Pincers, 1 Mallet, 1 Spokeshave, 2 Pencils, 1 Tin Liquid Glue, 1 Tenon Saw, 1 Screwdriver, 1 Smoothing Plane, 2 File Handles, 1 Spirit Level, 1 Oil Stone, 1 Tin Oil, 2 Twist Bits, 2 sheets Glasspaper, 1 Hammer, 1 Hand Saw 24 in., 1 Square, 1 Brace, 1 Punch, 3 Bradawls, 1 Gimlet, 4 Centre and Shell Bits, 1 Steel Axe, 2 Firmer Gouges, in strong Hinged Chest.

Satisfaction or cash refunded in full.

52/6

Carriage Paid.

All guaranteed brand new Tools by leading makers. A 7 in. Woodworker's Metal Vice fitted with "Quick-Grip" supplied with the above set at 15/- extra.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, POST FREE.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS TOOLS (Dept. BL) 51, HARDMAN ST., MANCHESTER.

5% SAVED

ASK YOUR GROCER

Jager's Grade

SWEET & MELLOW

DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GET IT REFILLED

3d. per lb Cheaper

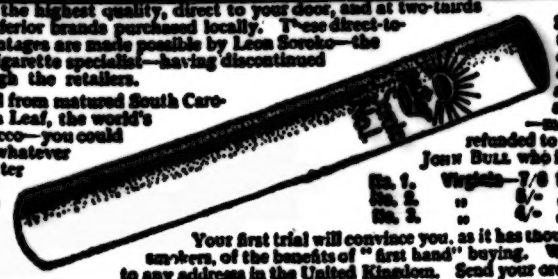
2/6 Weekly

£5. 15s. CASH

Cigarettes at Pre-War Prices.

Cigarettes of the highest quality, direct to your door, and at two-thirds the cost of inferior brands purchased locally. These direct-to-smoker advantages are made possible by Leon Soroko—the well-known cigarette specialist—having discontinued selling through the retailers.

Manufactured from matured South Carolina Virginian Leaf, the world's choicest tobacco—you could not obtain, whatever you pay, better more pleasurable or more hygienic smoking.



Simply choose the brand, order one hundred or more, and test them at our risk—money will be refunded to any reader of JOHN BULL who is not satisfied.

No. 1.	Virginia—7/6	100,	72/-	1,000
No. 2.	"	50/-	"	480/- "
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When diluted to accord with the MINISTRY of HEALTH NEW CONDENSED MILK REGULATIONS

NESTLÉ'S MILK

IS 20% RICHER IN CREAM

than the legal standard for ordinary dairy milk. Thus, besides the advantage of being ABSOLUTELY PURE AND CLEAN, Nestlé's is also a better milk.

With milk and sugar again dearer Nestlé's, which is not altered in price, is more Economical than ever. If unsweetened preferred, get "IDEAL" Milk.

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This is the ideal gift for the practical man who likes to use his leisure time to advantage.

Carpentry work comes natural to all. Anyone who sets his mind to it can turn out no end of beautiful furniture and useful fitments without the slightest difficulty once he has an experienced guide to work from.

This Book is a complete working Guide to

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Having "The Practical Woodworker" to guide you is like having an expert at your elbow, showing you and telling you how to do everything. Even if you never handled a saw before the directions and instructions given in this book are so clear and so easily followed that you will find yourself able to make beautifully finished articles of furniture after the first or second attempt.

Design for Chair with adjustable seat & back. Page 376 "Practical Woodworker."

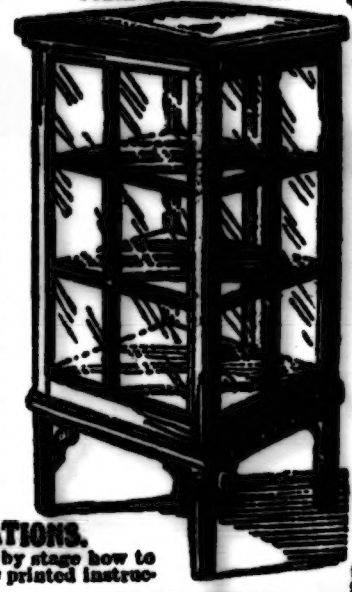
The PRACTICAL WOODWORKER

will teach you

How to make all kinds of Furniture and Fitments

Written by upwards of 50 experts, each one having long experience, this work contains information and guidance that cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It is far and away the best work of the kind ever published, because it is the only one that shows every stage of the work in detail.

Design for Drawing-room China Cabinet, from page 936, "Practical Woodworker."



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6,000 WORKING ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustrations actually show you stage by stage how to do every little detail and, coupled with the printed instructions, make everything so clear that you can hardly fail to make a complete success of any job at the very first attempt.

Design for Mirror and Rack. Page 884, "Practical Woodworker."

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Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to contents, authors, etc. of the "PRACTICAL WOODWORKER," also information as to your offer to send the complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly payments beginning 30 days after the Work is delivered.

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(Send this form in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.)

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J.B. O, 1923.....

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Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. *Best remedy for children of children.* Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

and post to address above.

Name.....

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Price List Free.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY to prove the genuine quality of these Boots. That is to send a deposit of 3/- and have the boots to examine before paying anything further. The "Corsican" is our special brand, extra thick soles for hard wear, leather-lined, and built to satisfy the most particular, and the price is only 25/-, on easy terms, within the reach of all. 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- now and promise 3/- monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied. Send 3/- and say size required.—MASTERS, LTD., 63, HOPE STORES, RYE. Estd. 1869.

VENEREAL DISEASE.

The Danger of "Stopping Treatment."

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease get so "tired of treatment" that they cease to attend the doctor or hospital. But the germ does not get tired; it burrows into the deeper tissues, and grave surgical operations are often the result.

No sufferer is safe until he or she has been discharged by the doctor as cured, and any interruption of treatment may delay the cure for months or years and lead to dangerous complications.

Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Five useful booklets for parents 1s. 4d. the set, post free. Six useful booklets for girls, 1s. 3d. the set, post free. Seven useful booklets for young men, 1s. 6d. the set, post free, can also be obtained from the National Council.

Chronic Headache means nerve derangement

When the brain begins to flag you need new nerve nourishment.

Statement by Miss Florence Beste

Writing from 62, Woodland-road, Bishop Auckland, Miss Florence Beste the well-known authoress, says:—

"I feel I must tell you what your wonderful tablets have done for me. For months I had suffered from horrible racking pains in the head. I felt fretful, and very soon developed an edgy temper. I tried various preparations, but they were of no avail. I realised that my brain wanted new food—new life—and that unless some miracle happened my nerves would be completely wrecked. I noted through the columns of the newspapers what Dr. Cassell's Tablets had done for another young novelist. I have been taking them for a month now, and already feel a different girl. Langour and sleeplessness have entirely disappeared, and my thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets cannot be too bountiful. I shall warmly recommend them to all my friends."

Take Dr. Cassell's for

Nerves — Anæmia
Breakdown — Palpitation
Neuritis — Kidney
Indigestion — Weakness.
Sleeplessness — Children's
Neuralgia — Weakness
Nerve Pains — Wasting
Headache

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices: 1/3 & 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse a substitute.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. & MRS. "X."

An Old Couple's Christmas Shopping.

A CHEERFUL old couple are sitting by their cosy fireside counting the contents of two money boxes.

"How much is there in the boy's box?" asks the silver-haired woman.

"Exactly twenty-six shillings," answers the old man. "And how much in the girl's?"

"Exactly twenty-six shillings," she replies. "Isn't it wonderful how they always get just the same?"

"Wonderful!" he exclaims, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Now let us go out and do our shopping, before all the best things have gone."

Arm in arm they sally forth, well wrapped up against the cold, and mingle with the crowd of parents and children who throng the pavements, jostling good-humouredly to get a better view of the brightly lighted shop windows.

With tremendous seriousness they debate the question what they shall buy this year, discussing over so many novel suggestions. In the end, however, their shopping is always the same, as it has been for years. They buy warm woolly underclothing, shoes and stockings, and sweets and toys for both the boy and girl.

Gravely the old man asks, "Don't you think they're getting a little bit old for these things?"

"They'll never be too old, John," she replies with a wistful sigh.

Laden with parcels they make their own way back home, beaming with happiness. He carries a wooden horse under one arm, and a Teddy Bear peeps out from one of her packages. They look the happiest of all the happy parents.

They have no children. There were two, boy and girl, years ago, but they died. But Mr. and Mrs. X still give themselves the pleasure of buying Christmas gifts for the youngsters, and every year parcels are sent to poor children whose parents cannot afford to play Father Christmas.

They each put sixpence in a box every week, and once a year recapture the joy that fled when their children were taken.

Why don't you do the same, and let us play Father Christmas for you? Our "Greatest of These——" Fund makes splendid use of every contribution.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Goldsworth, 3s. 6d.; "Rotten Luck," 1s.; "A Mistake" (Bradford), 10s.; "petsb" (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; "Mon. Morn.," 1s.; A. as (Sorwion), 1s. 2d.; "Tewkesbury," 2s. 6d.; L. G., 10s.; "Soldier's Daughter," 2s. 6d.; "Jack," 1s. 1d.; W. Cutler, 9d.; H. Nixon, 2s.; "Unemployed," 6d.; A. Bee, 1s. 6d.; F. O. W., 1s. 6d.; "Big Heart," 9d.; "Poo, But Happy," 1s.; "Orelius Oliver," 6d.; "Corstophine," 6d.; "Patience," 6d.; mrs. F. B. R., 6d.; "Smithern," 1s.; "A Ninth, 3d.; "To Test the Ninth" (Southminster), 10s. 6d.; "Bunny," 6d.; "First Ninth," 6d.; "Widow's Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Miserable Ninth," 6d.; "Sea Gull," 6d.; E. S., 8d.; "Unlucky Bill," 5d.; F. B., 7½d.; "Sprat," 3d.; "Mafra's second," 1s. 1½d.; "Olive Branch," 2s.; "Dra," 2s. 6d.; "Myninth," 6d.; W. A. R., 7d.; E. J. Dixon, 2s. 4½d.; Tom Edgar, 6d.; "99's Ninth," 3d.; "Vixvi," 1s.; "Third Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Face" (Bristol), 1s.; H. Munro, 1s.; "Black Bess," 10d.; Mrs. J. C. Allday, 2s. 6d.; "Bebe," 1s. 11d.; "Good Luck," 2½d.; "Good Luck," 1s.; Anon., 6s.; "Hopeful," 2s.; "Sidbury," 1s.; "Argo," 5d.; "Ninth," 2s.; M. L. L., 1s. 6d.; "Langley," 2s. 6d.; "Regular Reader," 8d.; "Desperate," 2s.; "Aberdonian," 1s. 8d.; "Hasting's Ninth," 1s.; "Wellwisher," 4s. 6d.; "Firedrake," 1s.; "Hopeless," 2s. 3d.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; "Magical Number," 2s.; J. B. W., 1s. 6d.; "Tom," 1s.; C. K., 6d.; "Westcliffe," 6d.; "Walsall Reader," 1s. 6d.; "First Ninth," 6s. 9d.; "Unlucky Coupons," 8d.; "Hopeful Wife," 1s. 1½d.; "Unlucky Copsey," 1s. 6d.; "Sandbach," 3s.; "Ludlow," 1s.; "A Ninth and a Find," 2s. 6d.; "Jenkins," 1s. 11d.; K. D., 1s.; "Aberdeen Jew" (Lerwick), 12s.; "Do Unto Others," 1s.; "Unlucky," 5d; "Poor But Unselfish," 4½d.; "First Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "With Much Love," 2s. 6d.; "Widow," R. B., 6½d.; "One on One Eks," 8d.; "Just a Ninth," 8d.; "Jack," 6d.; "One Who Enjoys Reading," 6d.; "Hertford Heath," 6d.; "Sympathy," 6d.; "Hard Up But Happy," 6d.; H. J. S., 1s. 6d; C. Ledger, 3s.; E. H. P., 3s. 6d.; "Unlucky," 4½d.; Rose Joyce, 3d.; "Re-echo," 3½d.; "Stamford," 3s. 4½d.; "Soldier's Wife," 2d.; J. S. (Berwick), 2s. 6d.; "E. Dulwich," 1s. 9d.; "Anonius," 2s.; "Monday's Ninth," 9d.; "S/4 039773," 10½d.; "Lame Dog," 1s.; "Near Land's End," 2s. 1d.; A. J., 6d.; "Glitto's" 1s.; "Ju-Ju," 2s. 8d.; "Sapper," 9d.; "Regular Reader" (Guilsborough), 4s. 3d.; "Saltash," 2s.; "Good Luck," 1s.; T. Challis, 1s.; "Ribble Valley," 5s.; D. E. D., 3d.; "Spingbok's Ninth," 3s.; "Neil and Nance," 1s. 7d.; "The First Ninth," 6d.; A. W., 4d.; "Ebb and Flo," 9d.; "Lately Unemployed," 6d.; J. K. Dale, 9d.; Geoffrey Kitson, 5s.; "Sixteenth Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Mountaker," 2s. 3d.; "Twinks," 9d.; "Red and White," 1s. 3d.; C. M. Burford, 3s. 3d.; A. E. B., 1s. 6d.; "Lonely Lassie," 4s. 6d.; V. M. B., 1s. 8d.; "Hopeful," 1s. 2d.; J. W. S., 1s.; "Occasional Ninth," 2s.; Tom Mitchell, 1s.; K. L. G. (Frindsbury), £1; "Smilin' Thro'," 1s.; "Joan," 1s.; "A Ninth," 6d.; K. B. (Greenfield), 5s. 3d.; "Nono," 6d.; M. Brown, 1s.; "No. 13th Ninth," 1s.; O. L. W. (Birmingham), 1s.; "Gunner," 4s. 1½d.; "Unfortunate Soldier and Wife," 7d.; C. P. C., 1s. 6d.; "Trots," 2s.; "Ninth o' Tooting," 10s.; J. Brooks, 1s.; "Salop," 3d.; "Norwood," 1s.; "Hydedge," 1s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps," 1s. 4d.; "Widow's Mite," 9d.; "Vic's Mother," 5d.; "Lucky Ninth" (Walsall), 5d.; "Barrow-in-Furness," 2s.; "Hard Up," 7½d.; "Rosilla," 1s. 4d.; Mrs. A. Renouf, 1s.; M. F. B., 3s. 4d.; "Cambridge," 1s.; W. O G., 9d.; "Newport, Mon.," 9d.; Mrs. Huntley, 2s. 6d.; J. W. B., 3s.; "For Luck," 6d.; "Milk for Baby," 8s. 6d.; "A Ninth," 7½.; "Ploughman's Ninth," 1s 6d.; "My Ninth," 6d.; "Nannie," 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Manchester), 4s. 6d.; "White Heather," 1s.; A. C. Parsons, 1s. 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 897.

MERRY CHRISTMAS	GIRLS AND BOYS
WAITS	STUFFING
MODERN LIFE	TOMMY'S STOCKING
WHAT MONEY WILL DO	OVER HERE
ANOTHER YEAR	I WISH THAT
MY PRESENT	A DANCE
ROUND THE FIRE	MY WIFE SAYS
EXPECTING COMPANY	PARTY GAMES
HER RESOLUTION	A TOY
UNDER THE MISTLETOE	LITTLE WILLIE

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JAN. 3. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 897 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 897, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 898.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 504

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. GOLDING, 311, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

Example:—CAPITAL LEVY
Bullet:—WISH IT WORRIED ME.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. S. J. WARRICK, 35, Hereden Road, Crickiewood, N.W. 2.

Example:—THE RIGHT CANDIDATE
Bullet:—HAS VISION—NOT VISIONS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. G. SOLLY, 61, Bethel Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Example:—OUR FOOD
Bullet:—MUSTN'T FEED THE "SHARKS."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

R. W. HUTHWAITE, 43, Albany Road, Enfield Wash.
WHAT WE EXPECT—BACK, SHOULDN'T DETERMINE CHARITY.

G. PRATT, Church Square, Uttoxeter, Stafford.
WHAT WOMEN WILL DO—FONDLE BIRDS—WEAR PLUMAGE.

P. J. BROWN, Oak Street, Feltwell, Nr. Brandon, Suffolk.
WHAT WE "EXPECT"—"WEEDED" POLITICIANS "PLANTED" ELSEWHERE.

G. BRADLEY, Grammar School Road, Brigg.
A STILL TONGUE—WISE MOTHER EXAMINES IT.

A. THOMAS, 132, St. Helens Road, Swansea.
MAKING A ROW—OVER SPOILS, LOSES THEM.

H. C. BOWKER, 51, Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park, N.4.
WINSTON CHURCHILL—MILLINERS REGRET HIS SEX.

F. H. GRINNELL, 6, Merstow Cotts., Middle Lane, Evesham, Worcs.
PERFECT PICTURE—BEATS SIX LITTLE SKELETONS.

H. G. VOYSEY, 22, Kettering Terrace, Mile End, Portsmouth.
OUR FOOD—TOO MANY "JACK HORNERS."

T. HESLEHURST, 12, Hutchinson Street, Middlesbrough, Yorks.
MY VOTE—BEGGED—EVERYTHING ELSE TAKEN.

L. S. TAYLOR, 6, Selsdon Road, West Norwood, S.E.27.
SPOILING HER—FINALE—HE WEPT FIRST.

10 Prizes of £1 10s. each:

L. D. ROGERS, Burton Cottage, Gresford, Wrexham.
LISTENING—HUSBY, FOR BURGLAR'S DEPARTURE.

A. HODGES, 24A, Ropewalk Road, Llanelly.
IN AGREEMENT—DOCTORS, GOVERNMENT TAXING APPLES.

Mrs. G. B. CRAMP, 35, Belchers Lane, Little Bromwich, Birmingham.
IN THE PAST—"COMRADE" MEANT SOMEBODY HELPFUL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon).

T. TURNBULL, School of Shorthand, North Lodge Terrace, Darlington.
BAD EGG—IN WELL, ORIGINATED SPAS.

C. TAYLOR, 192, Bradford Road, Huddersfield.
EASY MONEY—ADVERTISING COAT-HANGERS—SENDING NAILS.

Mrs. A. CARTWRIGHT, 18, Lower Moss Lane, Manchester.
SHORT AND SWEET—LUNCHES, SHE REGRETS LATER.

A. TUCKER, North Drum Cottage, Kelty, Fife.
CHEERING—TO PEDESTRIANS, LIGHTER CARS.

J. ELLIS, 127, Darlington Street, East Wigan.
KISSING THE BABY—EASIER THAN EXPLAINING POLITICS.

G. DENNEY, Costessey, Norfolk.
DANGEROUS GAME—HENPECKED SUPPORTING LADY CANDIDATE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon).

J. J. BILLINGTON, 20, Livesey Street, Preston, Lancs.
FREE TRADE—TUITION, BRITISH ARMY ADVERTISES.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Mrs. E. Allen, 15, St. Mark's Grove, Easton, Bristol; W. Andlaw, 23, Paragon, Ramsgate; W. L. Baddeley, c/o, Lloyds Bank Ltd., 16, Charing Cross, S.W.; R. Barnes, 67, St. Helen's Rd., Prescot, Lancs.; S. F. Bartlett, 5, Fairfields Rd., Basingstoke; J. Bell, 21, Helmingham-Rd., Birkenhead; W. Bettington, Leys Lane, Meriden, nr. Coventry; T. Birdsall, 24, Buller St., Laisterdyke, Bradford; F. W. Bories, Fish Docks Rd., Grimsby; Mrs. S. Bream, 48, Arundel Sq., Barnsbury, N.; Mrs. K. N. Brodey, Whiteborrow, St. Neot, Liskeard; A. Brown, 15, Bernard St., Nottingham; Mrs. W. J. Browne, 10, Priest Row, Wells, Som.; F. W. Burnell, High St., Cannington, nr. Bridgwater; C. E. Caines, 67, Milton St., Southport; W. Campbell, c/o. Mrs. Hendry, 2, Morton Terr., Greenock; G. F. Charles, 34, Lewis Terr. Llwynceiyn, Porth; A. T. Clarke, 112, Stanley Rd. Carshalton; F. H. Clements, 25a, Kingwood Rd., Fulham, S.W.; C. Cook, 265, Dacres Rd., Bromley Cross, nr. Bolton; S. Cook, 15, Hillside Rd., Stamford Hill, N.; M. Compton, Birch Grove, Chilbolton nr. Stockbridge; C. J. Dart, 41, Grafton Rd., Acton, W.; J. H. Davison, 3, Leacroft Rd., Derby; B. Dinsdale, No. 15, Row 93, Gt. Yarmouth; Miss C. Dodridge, 197, Hamlet Court Rd., Westcliff; J. R. Dunham, 58, Carlton St., Hull; G. Endlesby, 245 Park St., Luton; Mrs. E. Feathers, 42, Fairfield, Lassodie, Fife; J. J. Field, Sandridge, Sevenoaks; W. Flaherty, 70, Newhall Lane, Clubmoor, Liverpool; M. Frederics, 18, Myers Rd. East, Gt. Crosby, Liverpool; L. R. Friskney, 54, Hawksley Av., Hillsboro, Sheffield; Mrs. H. Frith, "L'Esperance," The Woodlands, S.E.; M. B. Frost, 28, Capri Rd., Addiscombe; J. F. Gillan, 10, Hill St., Aberdeen; W. H. Gooding, 27, Priestale Rd., Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.; Miss M. Graham, c/o. Cumberford, 22, Bank St., Canobusdane N.B.; G. Greenhall, 73, Hawksley Mill Lane, B'ham.; N. C. Guest, 63, Risderland Rd., Altrincham, nr. Manchester; W. T. Hamer, Tredoge Fawr, Llantilios; H. Hamilton, 55, Mervue St., Belfast; I. S. Hammond, 7, Newhall St., B'ham; H. Hand, 15, Downton Rd., Harnham, Salisbury; S. Serst. A. Hickman, 109, Victoria St., sheerness; J. Homer, 60, Chestnut Walk, Worcester; J. Hope, 31, Canal St., Perth, N.B.;

(Continued in next column.)

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

10 £5
10 £2 10

200 5/-
500 2/6
4000 TARGET PRIZES

2nd. Prize £20

3rd. Prize £10

100 PRIZES OF £1

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £500.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 506.

THE NATION'S VOICE
IN LONDON
THE RIGHT PLACE
WHERE WE STAND
MR. ASQUITH
IN THE RUNNING
BEFORE CHRISTMAS
WORK FOR ALL
BADLY BEATEN
A NICE DAY
POSTMAN'S KNOCK
IN A MESS
GUILTY CONSCIENCE
WHAT'S WANTED
TRICKY
ON THE FILMS
A LOVER
BEYOND WORDS
IN A FLASH
WISE MOVE
MY DOGS
TAKEN TO TASK
FOUND OUT
LIGHTING THE FIRE
AFTER SCHOOL
NEARLY OVER
A DRAW
SHORT-SIGHTED
FOOL'S GAME
MARRIED OR SINGLE
BIG ORDER
GETTING OWN BACK

(Continued from previous column)

A. H. Jones, R.N., H.M.S. "Tara," Portsmouth; O. Jones, Four Crosses, Rhosgadfan, Llanwnda, Carnarvon; T. Jones, 5, Birch Grove Terr., Whitechurch, Cardiff; J. Knott, 94, Brookbank Rd., Lewisham, S.E.; Mrs. A. S. Leatham, 87, Sandy Rd., Seaforth; Mrs. R. Leng, 109, Beaconsfield St., Newcastle; E. H. Leyshon, 28, Alfred St., Abergavon, S. Wales; J. Limbert, 111, Drummond Rd., Skegness; D. Llewellyn, 15, Mary St., Neath; Mrs. Maddicks, 15, Arthur St., Newport, Mon.; C. W. Martin, 63, Wykeham Rd., North End, Portsmouth; J. Martin, 42, Caledonian Rd., Jarrow-on-Tyne; Miss F. Maynard, 61, Byron St., Hove; T. Miller, 6, East Shaw St., Kilmarnock, N.B.; E. Morgan, 34, Clifton St., Aberdare; Mrs. E. Mottershaw, 36, Stone Row, Rothwell Haigh, nr. Leeds; H. A. Moxley, 107, Woodville Rd., Thornton Heath; D. McCandless, Brook St., Bar. Ahoghill, Co. Antrim; W. I. Nixon, 61, Richardson St., Belfast; J. Oddie, 8, Delacy St., Clitheroe, Lancs.; Mrs. A. Page, The "Corner" Gt. Bentley, Essex; C. J. Palmer, 20a, Peabody Bldgs., Cambridge Heath, E. 2; C. Peirce, 18, Plymouth Rd., Penarth; G. C. Plant, 5, West St., Dudley, Worcs.; J. Richards, 11, School St., Aberbargoed, Mon.; T. Russell, 17, Iron Lane, Merthyr, Glam.; N. Ryland, Market St., Flookburgh, nr. Carnforth; Mrs. B. Samson, 9, Dean St., Heath Town, Wolverhampton; S. S. Saunders, 67, Summerfield Cres., B'ham; A. E. Seaward, 24a, New Parade, Wisbech; G. Simpson, West Garth, Butterknowle, Durham; E. H. Smith, Stotfold, Beds.; E. Snelling, 50, Arnewood Rd., Southbourne, Bournemouth; H. Squire, 14, Copewood Rd., Watford; F. S. Stanton, 4, Church St., Evesham; P. H. Still, 157, Craigleu Drive, Edinburgh; S. A. Stubbs, 38, Auckland Rd., Ilford; G. Taylor, 3, Jannon Rd., Southampton; L. F. Thomas, 114, Wellington Rd., Bridgwater; J. Titley, 45, St. Barnabas Rd., Leicester; P. G. Tully, 21, Carfrae Terr., Plymouth; C. L. Varber, 57, Middleton Square, London, E.C.; S. Valentine, "Arklow" Midsomer Norton, nr. Bath; H. Vaughan, Bisenau Garage, Llandeilo, Carm.; G. Wale, 5, Elm Terr., Orpington, Kent; Mrs. E. Walker, 191, Alfred St., Nottingham; F. Watts, 18, Howard St., Cardiff; J. Watmough, 21, Carr Lane, Chorley, Lancs.; Mrs. M. Watson, 83, Clopton St., Hulme, Manchester; F. G. White, Leverington Common, nr. Wisbech; A. J. Wilson, "Cyfa," Crown Rd., East Dereham, Norfolk.; E. S. Wilson, 12, Allenby Rd., Southwell, Notts.; W. Wylie, 15, Railway St., Jarrow-on-Tyne.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 506, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

506 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(506 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

506 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 20.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(506 P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

TURKEY WINNERS.—A complete list of 200 Turkey Prize-winners in Competition No. 501 will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamped and addressed envelope. This list, together with the 5/- Prize-winners, will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." A list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 506 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 503 can now be seen in the window of Mr. L. Sheppard, Bridge Street, Swindon.

Transparencies by Pears

Makers of Fine Toilet Soaps since 1789

No. 2 You need not buy soap in the dark. You can buy Pears and see what you are buying inside as well as out. Its purity is advertised by its transparency.

Buy Pears for him—he won't be happy till he gets it.

Unscented 4½d. & 7d.
Scented from 1/- per Tablet.

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